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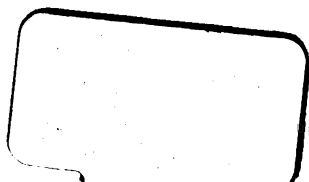
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THE  
*LIFE AND ADVENTURES*  
OF THE  
**CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS,**  
3505 INCLUDING A  
VARIETY OF ANECDOTES  
RELATIVE TO THE PRESENT  
**KING OF POLAND.**

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

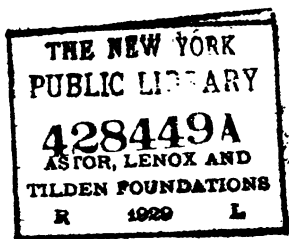
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VOL. III.

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Waterford.  
PRINTED FOR J. SAUNDERS.

1811.



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# THE LIFE

## OF THE

# CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS.

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### CHAP. I.

*Faublas enters the French territories, disguised as a nun—He is surrounded and seized at Longwi—is conducted blindfold and placed in the middle of a great hall,—is terribly alarmed for his safety—is imprisoned in a cell, and confided to the care of sister Ursula—He finds means to bribe his fair gaoler, and to escape out of the convent.*

IT was now scarcely five o'clock in the morning, and the postillion made such dispatch that we entered the French territories by break of day.

VOL. III.

B



The man who travels in a country where he has committed a crime, imagines that every person who looks at, recognizes him; it seems impossible to him but that his unlucky adventure, written as it were upon his forehead, must be read by every passenger: besides this, it was evident that a *religieuse* posting along the road, must be remarked with an uncommon degree of curiosity.

It was thus that I was reasoning with myself, as I reached the neighbourhood of Longwi, the first place on the frontiers, where I thought I perceived myself to be observed by every body. Emboldened by these reflections, I deliver myself up to the deceitful pleasure arising from a sleep, alas! too short! for I had not proceeded a hundred paces farther, before my chaise was surrounded.

I awoke at the noise occasioned by the opening of the doors; before I had time to look about me, several people precipitate themselves into the carriage, seize, and bind me. The archers,\* from respect or inattention, did not search me. They either retained a certain degree of consideration for my sex and dress, or they thought that nothing was to be dreaded

\* Officers of the Police.

from a *religieuse*, whom they did not suspect to be armed.

The sacrilegious troop, however, rumpled the handkerchief which inclosed my chaste neck, and enveloped my body in a military cloak; nay they did not scruple to conceal my *holy* veil beneath a profane linen cloth. Their leader then placed himself in a cavalier-like manner by my side, and gave orders to the postillion to advance.

Where do you intend to conduct me?

This was the first question that I put to my companion; but he being apparently both deaf and dumb, made no reply whatever. The towel with which my head was enveloped, admitted but too small a degree of light to enable me to distinguish the objects around me with any degree of discrimination. My ears, however, were struck with the sound of horses feet, and I very naturally augured, from this circumstance, that I was escorted by dragoons. At one period also, while the troop apparently changed their cattle, I heard a person distinctly pronounce my name, and that of Derneval's.

The cursed carriage still proceeded, and we did not seem likely ever to arrive at the place of our destination. I had already calculated that we had been nearly thirty-

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six hours on our journey; thirty-six centuries could not have appeared longer!

How many frightful suspicions agitated my mind! to what cruel reflections was I become a prey! I fancied myself surrounded by my judges; I heard the terrible *arret* pronounced; I already perceived the fatal scaffold! . . . . It was not for myself alone that I was affected: no, my father, I thought on that letter which I had left for you on my table, and in which I promised you to return speedily. Alas! perhaps your son will never more embrace you!

It was not for myself alone that I regretted life: no, my young wife, no; I thought on thy still increasing charms, on our short union, on our attachment so soon dissolved.

In supposing that my deplorable end would not produce thy premature dissolution, I was at least certain that thou wouldst remain faithful to my memory; never, never, shall any person boast of having espoused the widow of Faublas!

O my Sophia, I lamented the fate of a girl of fifteen years, condemned to the irksomeness of a widowhood that might endure for more than half a century, during which time she would regret the rapid pleasures of two short nights!

At length we arrive somewhere: I am helped to alight; I am led, I am conducted I know not how nor where; for it was not possible for me, on account of the bandage with which my eyes were still covered, and during a dark night, to examine the place where I was. But as my eyes were entirely useless, I made use of my ears, and I listened with an equal degree of curiosity and uneasiness. I heard the shutting of gates, the noise of bolts, the squeaking of hinges, and the quick steps of persons assembling from all sides. The place to which I was conducted, appeared to me to be cold and moist. I was seated in an immense wooden chair: at a great distance from me some words were muttered, which it was impossible for me to understand; my ears were only acquainted with that kind of dull and monotonous noise occasioned by the union of several voices in a large hall.

Some person now approaching me, bends towards my ear, and in a very soft tone of voice, addresses the following words to me, at once terrible and consolatory:

Great God! what will become of you? Ah! I wish I could save you!

In a moment after, I hear the sound of a *passing bell*, and it appeared to me that a number of people had now entered and

surrounded me. To the tumultuous noise of a large assembly, soon succeeded a profound silence, which lasted some time. My soul was moved, my imagination was upon the rack ; I know not what sentiment until then unfelt.

Ah ! Chevalier de Faublas ! no gasconade I beseech you ! you were afraid . . . Is it not so ? why do not you frankly confess it ? Puffendorff and other great philosophers affirm, that man is naturally a timid animal, and that the brave are not always brave : witness, for instance, Frederick the Great, who took to his heels during the very first battle that he ever fought !

Very well, I acknowledge then that I was actually afraid !

A shrill voice at length put an end to this hideous and frightful silence, by commanding me to say an *Ave Maria*.

An *Ave Maria* !

For three times running I heard this strange order repeated, and three times my embarrassed tongue refused to obey : I was not able, amidst my extreme fear, to recollect a single syllable of the prayer required of me ! Some person, however, pronounced it, and I was obliged to repeat it word for word.

After this, a short examination took

place, of which the following is the exact record—

*A person unknown.*

Whence come you?

*Faublas.*

How can I tell? Ask those who brought me.

*A person unknown.*

What have you done since you left this place?

*Faublas.*

This place!—Where am I?

*A person unknown.*

Have not you seduced Mademoiselle de Pontis?

*Faublas.*

Mademoiselle de Pontis? Sophia!

*A person unknown.*

Yes, Sophia de Pontis.—Do you know her?

*Faublas.*

I have heard a great deal concerning her. If I had known, I would have adored, and not seduced her.

*A person unknown.*

Do you know the Chevalier de Faublas?

*Faublas.*

By reputation only.

*A person unknown.*

Do you know Derneval?

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*Faublas.*

No!

This answer of "No!" was repeated emphatically by a number of voices.

*A person unknown.*

Are you not called Dorothea?

*Faublas.*

No!

This answer produced still more effect than the former.

The person who had hitherto interrogated me, then said: take away that napkin, and undraw her veil!

This order was no sooner given than executed; and how much was I affected with the spectacle which I now beheld!

Upon a circular bench which surrounded me, and exactly opposite to an altar, were ranged, in exact order, more than fifty . . . . Do not my eyes deceive me? No, it is not a dream produced by a heated imagination. The more I look, the more I am convinced that it was by fifty nuns that I was examined. I still hear them cry in chorus, "It is not her! it is not her!"

It is not her! repeated the personage who appeared to preside over the assembly. This business is extremely embarrassing, continues she, after a moment's reflection. I must write this very night to our supe-

riors; to-morrow we shall receive their answer: and in the mean time, let her be conducted to the place of confinement, and attended by one of the sisters.

Four young nuns now seize and lead me away. I was unable to resist; besides, all the other women followed me, and I actually took pleasure in beholding them.

Among the great number of females who surrounded me, I found many exceedingly respectable, on account of their figure; and venerable, from their antiquity. Their complexions were of all colours, white, grey, and yellow: the features of this one appeared common, of that one singular, of the third distorted; but yet such a multitude were young handsome, beautiful, that I actually forgot my present disagreeable situation. If any person should be astonished at this, I beg leave to inform him, that I never, during the whole course of my life, saw a number of women together without experiencing a certain degree of distraction.

In the mean time I was conducted by the light of several tapers, through a long subterraneous passage, at the bottom of which was a chapel. Soon after this, a little door opened, and discovered an apartment, which had nothing of a prison, but the name. It was a kind of cell,



containing a bed, on which I was placed. A lamp was then lighted, and a chair was brought for sister Ursula, who was earnestly requested, by the most venerable of her companions, to pray religiously by my side until to-morrow morning.

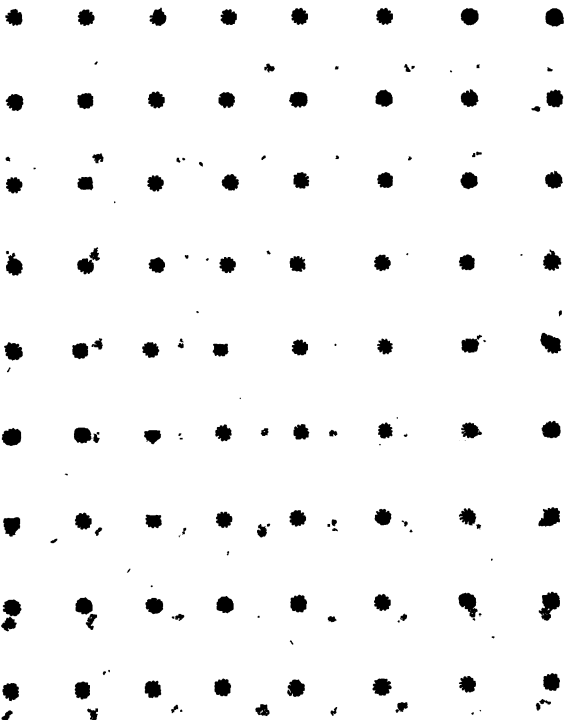
O my happy stars, I return you thanks! for of all the handsome countenances I ever beheld, that of Ursula's was the most so. What a fine skin! what a wonderful complexion! what a softness and sympathy in her look! how much innocence depicted on her ingenuous forehead! The person who has not seen my Sophia, can never have beheld such an interesting figure; and on that day when in the arms of her lover Mademoiselle de Pontis became the handsomest of wives, Ursula ought to have been proclaimed the most beautiful of maidens!

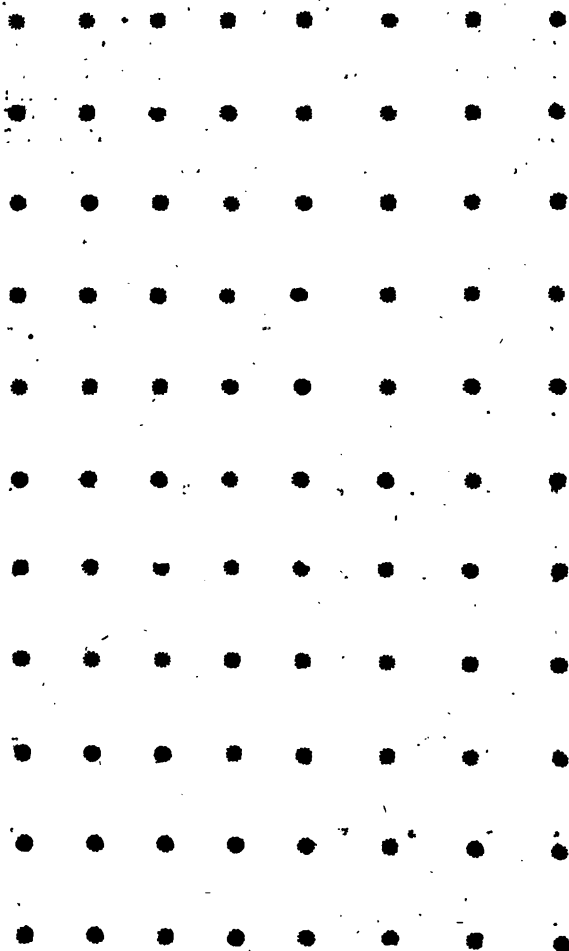
Although a prisoner, I experienced no other uneasiness than that resulting from the animated attractions of this affecting beauty. Although exceedingly fatigued, I no longer experienced the necessity of sleep!

The companion of Rosambert in galantry, and the docile scholar of Madame de B\*\*\*, it is here, Faublas, that you ought to shew yourself worthy of such experienced and able tutors!

## CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS. 11

The triumph may appear difficult, but the opportunity presents itself, and behold the prize offered at this moment in case of success—a charming maiden and liberty! If ever seduction were excusable, it must certainly be so in the present instance!





In short, success crowned my wishes.

I now bound Ursula's handsome legs together; I manacled her little white hands with the cords which she had untied from my own; it was with regret that I prepared the handkerchief which was to cover her mouth!

One moment! stay one single moment longer! says she; for I am anxious once more to repeat those instructions, which it is so necessary that you should comprehend.

Directed by the feeble light of this wax taper, you are to enter the subterraneous passage which we passed through together.

After proceeding a few paces, you are to turn to the left, and you will soon arrive at the trap-door, which we had such difficulty to lift up. Near to that, exactly behind the tool house, you are to take the gardener's ladder; then, with this little key, you must open the garden door! and may heaven preserve you from any accident! . . . Ah! I have still forgotten a necessary precaution, and I have forgotten it merely because it concerns myself, and myself only. In order that it may appear evident that force has been employed in taking you from this place, be sure on your going out, to place one of

the pistols left you by the *Marechausee*, at the entrance of this cell. Begone my angel—save yourself—it begins to be late—Adieu, charming young man—cover my face, and begone!

I had some difficulty in persuading myself to obey her; it was necessary, however, that I should be decisive in my conduct.

I therefore hide her handsome mouth beneath my handkerchief, which I arrange in such a manner as to appear that the face of the poor nun had been muffled up in order to prevent her cries.

At length, instead of losing my time in useless thanks, I leave my deliverer, having now but little occasion to be alarmed concerning her lot: I was however greatly terrified as to my own.

Judge then what was my joy, when, after having happily traversed the vaulted passage, ascended through the trap-door, crossed the court yard, and opened the iron-gate, I beheld myself in a garden, which I instantly recollected, and which doubtless the reader recollects also.

No, sir, not at all; every word I have read during the last half-hour has appeared a mystery to me.

What! do not you comprehend that the officers of the police were in search of a *religieuse*, who had been seduced and car-

ried off? That Faublas, enveloped in the habit of a nun, and entering France by the same road that Dorothea had left it, had been mistaken for her? That the *Marchaussee*, charmed at the idea of having arrested the runaway, had conducted her to her convent in Paris? That Ursula had been prevailed upon, by my *eloquence*, to consent to my escape? and that she had even suffered herself to be bound, in order to avoid being considered as an accomplice?

Well then, I was now in the garden of the convent. I saluted my little pavilion as I passed it; my heart palpitated, and my eyes were full of tears, as I entered the covered alley.

What were my ideas on beholding the usual and favourite walk of my Sophia? I experienced a kind of holy respect, mingled with tenderness. She was walking here in a melancholy mood, when I first played the little song which I had set to music; it was here that she was taken ill; it was to that place that I carried her in my arms! on this very bench, which I now touch with my finger, she was accustomed to sit down during the hours of recreation! yonder is the place where I used to meet her almost every night; and

in that spot we were accustomed to pour out our tears and our sighs together.

I had given my mind so entirely up to these reflections, that the morning began to break while I was yet in the garden of the convent !

I now ran to my ladder, which was placed against the wall, and which I ascended with great difficulty, on account of the long robe with which Ursula chose that I should still remain muffled up. I had reached however the coping of the wall, when, inclining my head towards the street, I beheld a patrol of the city-guard, which passed at that very moment. I instantly descended with the utmost precipitation, exceedingly embarrassed to find how I could be able to escape. As my danger increased every minute, I remained in the garden ; I determined to plant my ladder against another part of the wall ; and in order to be able to succeed with more ease in this perilous attempt, I determined to throw off the long robe, which retarded all my motions ; but happening to hear a noise, I became too much alarmed to carry my wishes into execution.

Instead therefore of losing time in undressing myself, I again ascended as quickly as possible, and, seating myself on the top of the wall, I take hold of the ladder, in

order to place it on the other side. Unfortunately, however, at the very moment that I poised it in the air, I thought that I perceived a person looking through the bars of the garden gate. My fear augments, my hand trembles, the ladder escapes out of it, and tumbles on the ground!

Behold me now in a very incommodious dress, riding *astraddle* on the top of the wall of the convent!

Happily for me, I was not terrified at the idea of being obliged to jump ten or a dozen feet from the ground: the time was precious, there was no room for deliberation—I precipitate myself therefore in an instant.



## CHAP. II.

*An account of what Faublas did when he left the convent—A new mode of fighting a duel—The chevalier unexpectedly meets an old acquaintance—is pursued by the police—escapes into the house of a devotee. A most extraordinary mistake—is forced to leave a Jansenist's bed chamber—encounters her lover—makes his way into a hotel belonging to a Magnetiser—The History of what occurred to him there.*

I AM now, thank heaven! out of the convent!

At the noise of my fall, a young woman, very gaily dressed, sallies forth from behind an elm-tree hedge. At first she proceeds straight towards me; then she stops all of a sudden, as if she had been equally affrighted and surprised, and covers her face with her two hands, before I could arrive sufficiently near her to distinguish her features.

I advance, I implore her assistance, and kiss her pretty little hands one after another, endeavouring at the same time to put them aside, in order to discover the

apparently handsome countenance which they concealed.

A nun ! exclaims a voice . . .  
 . . Does he assume this dress? Ha, scoundrel, I shall teach you to come and make love to my mistress under this disguise!

As I turned myself round in order to see whence this menacing voice proceeded, I found my shoulders very rudely assailed ; for without paying any respect whatever to my holy appearance, I was regaled with several blows from a stick.

There were no less than three adversaries with whom I had to contend. Each of them however suspended his blow, and even retired a few paces, the moment that I displayed my remaining pistol.

The person whom I first beheld, was scarce sixteen years of age. I instantly discovered him to be one of those insolent grooms, who, when mounted on horseback, are neither afraid nor ashamed at insulting the foot passengers below them. I had but a glance at the second : he was one of those tall, insolent, and corrupted valets, who are snatched from agriculture by the hand of luxury, and who are paid by people of fortune for playing at cards, sleeping in their lobbies, spending their money at the ale-houses, ridiculing them

before their servants, caressing their maids, &c. &c.

The third person claimed all my attention. His dress was at one and the same time simple and artificial; fashionable and indecent; in his manner there was a certain degree of nobility, and much grace; his air had something imposing in it, even amidst his terror.

I instantly supposed him to be the master of the two others.

Sir (say I,) if you dare to advance a single step, if you give the least signal to your domestics, or if they make any resistance whatever, I will instantly put you to death. Answer my question:—Are you a gentleman?

Yes, Sir.

Your name?

The Vicomte de Valbrun.

Monsieur le Vicomte, you have committed the most indecent outrage against me, and you are doubtless convinced that my insulted honour calls aloud for blood. Unfortunately I am exceedingly pressed for time, and have but one pistol; notwithstanding this, we may, if you please, put an end to our difference without removing from this spot. But, first of all, I beseech you to dismiss your *valet* and your *jockey*.

M. de Valbrun instantly waves his hand, and the two domestics retire.

I now present my *doubled fist* to him—

Within this are inclosed several pieces of money. (continue I) . . . *Odds or Even!*—If you guess right, you are to put your foot to mine, and fire directly; if you guess wrong, I declare to you, M. le Vicomte, that you are a dead man.

“Even!” exclaims he; . . . I instantly open my hand, and find that he had divined aright! . . . Adieu, my father! O my Sophia, adieu for ever!

M. de Valbrun, while seizing the pistol, which I now present to him, exclaims:

No, Sir! no! you shall once more see your father, and your Sophia! He then fired his pistol in the air; and, falling down at my feet . . .

—Astonishing young man! adds he, what nobleness of mind, what intrepidity do you possess! I should have been entirely inexcusable if I could have ever prevailed upon myself to insult you voluntarily. Believe me, that it was accident alone that rendered me culpable; deign therefore to pardon me!

I instantly entreat him to rise.

Sir, replies he, I will never quit this humiliating posture until you have assured me of your forgiveness!

Vicomte, you ask pardon of me, and yet you have spared my life! Believe me when I assert, that not only I do not entertain any resentment against you, but that I shall be charmed to obtain your friendship.

To whom have I the honour of addressing myself?

I beg leave to be excused from informing you at present . . . on some more fortunate occasion I shall make myself known to you; permit me now to retire.

What! in that dress?—Enter my apartment, and I will order some clothes for you:—you shall not be detained for a moment.

As it would have been highly improper for me to have sallied forth in the dress I was then in, I instantly accepted the Vicomte's offer.

In the mean time the young woman who had occasioned all this disorder, still remained at a little distance, without daring to utter a single word. M. de Valbrun now calls her, and she approaches with her hands still before her face.

My good lady (says he) I am not a dupe to this affected modesty—I have at length discovered your arts, for I watched you, and know the reason of your retiring

behind the hedge. In short, I do not choose to have my own *valet de chambre* for a rival—so you must depart this very forenoon, Justine.

At the mention of this name, I interrupt M. de Valbrun :—

Is she called Justine?—This is a very singular circumstance . . . M. le Vicomte, will you permit me to remove my doubts?

Saying this, I advance towards the young woman, I put aside her hands, and I instantly discover her to be the pretty little *fille de chambre* who had formerly given me so much anxiety.

*Faublas.*

What ! is it you, my dear?

*Justine.*

Yes, Mons. de Faublas, it is me.

*Le Vicomte de Valbrun.*

M. de Faublas ! . . . I have a hundred times wished to see him.

He now advances towards me, and takes me by the hand.

Brave and gentle Chevalier, you fully justify your brilliant reputation ; and I am no longer astonished that a lovely woman should have rendered herself famous on your account. But tell me by what accident you have come here? How dare

you appear in the capital, after the noise of your unfortunate duel? . . . An affair of very great moment must surely have induced you to venture yourself! . . . *Monsieur le Chevalier*, honour me with your confidence, and look upon the Vicomte de Valbrun as the most devoted of your friends. First of all, where do you intend to go?

*Faublas.*

To the *Hotel de l'Empereur de Grenelle*.

*The Vicomte.*

To a public hotel! and one too in the most frequented quarter of all Paris! you would be known in an instant if you were to make your appearance there in the day time.

The Vicomte was perhaps in the right; but I was entirely influenced by my eager desire to hasten that moment when my Sophia was to be restored to me; I persisted therefore in my resolution.

Very well, let it be so, replies the Count; but permit me at least to reconnoitre the street, while you are changing your clothes. . . . Justine, conduct the Chevalier to my *toilette*, open my wardrobe, and take care that he wants for nothing.

As soon as the Viscount had departed, I asked Justine what had occasioned this sudden change in her fortune?

Faith, replies she, the adventure of my lady the Marchioness acquired me a certain degree of reputation; and of all those who aspired to my affections, M. de Valbrun appeared to me to be the most amiable—

The most amiable! and you already begin to play him some of your old tricks?

No, not at all, I assure you; he is only a little jealous! . . . that's all.

But this *valet de chambre*?

Horrible! horrible!—is it to be supposed that I could throw myself away upon a creature like him?

But what brought you into the garden at so early an hour?

Merely to take the air—that was all, I assure you . . . Besides, if M. de Valbrun says any thing more on this subject, so much the worse for him; I shall not find it difficult to get another situation.

M. de Valbrun at this moment re-entered the apartment.

I would not advise you to sally forth, says he to me, for the street is certainly invested. I have seen several patroles moving backwards and forwards, and many ill-looking fellows belonging to the po-



lice watching at the corners.... You had better spend the whole day here: I will go out and assemble a few friends; and in the middle of the night I will return, and conduct you in safety wherever you please: . . . but if you wished to confer a real obligation upon me, you would remain in an asylum, which will not be violated. In the mean time, Justine, you are to do the honours of my house—you are to treat the Chevalier as you would treat myself; and on this condition, and this only, I pardon you for your walk this morning.

In order to assist you, I shall leave Jeunesse and my groom at home . . .

Hah! Monsieur le Vicomte, was that great, big fellow, by whom you were accompanied in the garden, called Jeunesse?

Do you know him?

Yes; he belonged to the Marquis de B\*\*\* . . . Pray, Justine, is it not he?

Yes, M. de Faublas.

A fine fellow! a most excellent servant!

. . . It was you I suppose who presented him to M. le Vicomte?

Yes, M. de Faublas.

'Twas well done, my child! . . . kind, . . . very kind indeed! . . . you made him a most valuable present.

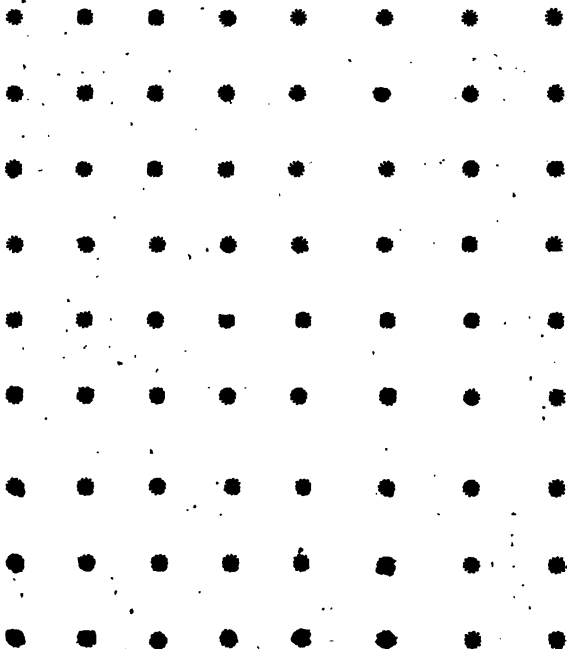
M. le Vicomte now bid me adieu; telling me at the same time, that he would give the strictest orders, before his departure, to barricade all the gates; and he recommended it to me, not to permit them to be opened to any person whatever.

Justine now took me by the hand, and conducted me into a bed chamber, furnished in a most elegant and costly manner: she remained for some time by my side, and I was obliged to request her twice to retire before she obeyed. She at length withdrew;—not without darting a look at me, however, which spoke her sentiments more eloquently than a thousand reproaches would have done.

I had not remained a long time here, before a dish of chocolate was brought me. Sensible of so much attention on the part of the mistress of the house, I proposed to thank her in person, when I perceived her enter, covered only with a thin and delicate morning dress. Equally voluptuous as a lady of quality, and no less delicate in the refinement of her pleasures, she instantly ordered the shutters to be closed in such a manner as to preclude the minutest ray of light. The curtains, of yellow taffeta, were let down; wax candles were placed in the girandoles, and incense was burnt in a perfuming pan.

I was exceedingly surprised at all this attention; but my questions were continually interrupted by Justine, who told me, that it was her duty, in the first place, to obey M. le Vicomte; and her greatest pleasure in the second, to make her peace with the Chevalier.

Having said this, she springs towards me quicker than lightning.



Overcome with fatigue, I instantly fall asleep. . . . .

. . . . . I was awoke, however, in about half an hour, by a violent noise in the street, immediately beneath my windows. Somebody, at the same time, knocked at the door with uncommon violence; and Jeunesse, who had just rushed into my bed chamber, informed me, in a trembling accent, that the patrol demanded to enter in the king's name!

Run, my dear little Justine! run with all possible quickness, and prevent the servants from opening the door; allow me time to save myself—

Save yourself! where?

I know not—but be sure to prevent them from opening the door.

Run, run into the garden: I will order a ladder to be brought to you there; scale the wall to the right—and if our neighbour Madame Desglins, the *devotee*, should be tempted to receive you, as well as I have done, I hope you will recompence her better.

A truce, Justine, to your folly!—endeavour to inform Madame de B\*\*\* that I am in Paris.

During this short dialogue, I had taken possession of, and was putting on the most essential part of the masculine dress, a part

which the delicacy of good manners precludes me from mentioning, and which, with the reader's permission, I shall term the *necessary garment*. As I am preparing to cover myself with this; the noise redoubles, and I am afraid lest the doors should be burst open.

I had not time sufficient to put on any more of the clothes which Justine had prepared for me; therefore taking M. de Valbrun's sword in my right hand, and the *necessary garment*, by way of a buckler, in the left, I fly towards the staircase, precipitate myself across the court, and gain the bottom of the garden in a twinkling.

Jeunesse follows me with a ladder: he plants it against the wall; I ascend, and turning round, and beholding several men who had just entered M. le Vicomte's court yard with flambeaux (for it was now about ten o'clock at night), I perceive that I have not a single moment to lose. Without stopping therefore to consider the steepness of the descent, I boldly jump from the top of the wall, without meeting with any other accident than a slight contusion on my leg.

I proceed along a gravel walk, and I am enveloped by a thick and hazy darkness, in a garden with which I am entirely unacquainted. A thin shirt (my only co-

vering) is but a poor defence against a sharp north-east wind; I am tormented with a thousand unquiet thoughts, and am ready to perish by the cold!

But wherefore lose my courage? In Paris, as elsewhere, there is no situation so desperate but a wretch may extricate himself out of it by means of a little money; a young man of family, therefore, with his purse full of gold, and his sword in his hand, has but little to fear!

Take courage then; go, Faublas, proceed without any dread (say I to myself), and examine that house which thou perceivest at a few paces distant from this basin, in which thou wert within an ace of being drowned!

I accordingly advance with a careful step; I arrive without any noise, and I tap gently at the door.

It was opened in an instant; and as I perceive no light, I enter with the utmost confidence.

Is it you, Monsieur le Chevalier? says a female, in a shrill, but low accent.

I instantly disguise my own voice, and in a mysterious tone reply—Yes, it is me!

The person now puts forth her hand, and takes hold, by accident, of the hilt of my sword.

You have got your sword, I perceive!  
Yes.

Were you pursued?

Yes.

Did you enter through the breach?

Yes.

Do not tell my mistress so, else she will be afraid.

Where is she?

Who? my mistress?

Yes.

In bed, as you very well know. You can pass the whole night together, for Monsieur is gone to Versailles, to attend upon a lady of quality, who is near her time; he will not return until to-morrow.

Good! bring me to your mistress.

Do you not know where she is?

Yes; but I am afraid, as I cannot see my finger before me; pray conduct me . . . so, by the hand.

We had scarcely gone four steps farther, before the accommodating *femme de chambre*, opening another door, whispers—

It is the Chevalier, Madam!

The lady herself now addresses me—

You come very late to-night, my dear Flourvac!

It was impossible to come sooner.

Did they detain you?

Yes.

Very well; but where have you got to?

I am coming.

What stops you?

I am undressing myself.

You know very well, gentle reader, that I had no manner of occasion to undress myself; you to whom I have told that my left hand supported my only vestment! But you may easily guess that I could not walk without a certain degree of deliberation and precaution, in a chamber entirely new to me, and where very luckily there was neither fire nor candle.

Arrived at length at the foot of the bed, I gently deposit my *necessary garment* and my sword on the carpet; then lifting up a soft covering, which seemed to possess a propitious warmth, I spring into the arms of an unknown fair, who instantly gives me a tender embrace.

Ah! how cold you are! exclaims she.

It freezes very hard.

My dear Chevalier!

My sweet friend!

Will not the rigour of the season prevent you from coming here often?

Most assuredly not!

Will you come to me every time that M. Desglins sleeps abroad?

Yes.

Fanny shall always give you notice in the same manner as to-day.



Was it not a very ingenious contrivance to light the small lamp under the window?

Yes.

And that corner of the wall which I ordered to be pulled down?

Yes, I passed through the breach.

And you may pass through it again, for our neighbours, the magnetisers, will not repair it during the winter. . . . You

know, my dear Flourvac, that my husband is gone . . . .

To Versailles.

We may spend the whole night together! . . . .

So much the better.

You will love me always, Flourvac?

Most tenderly.

I must acknowledge, however, that I was greatly chagrined, this afternoon, my angel!

On what account?

Because you did not come and join me at the sermon.

It was impossible.

But this morning I was exceedingly well pleased, and you . . . .

Quite ravished!

Did not the mass appear long to you

No, indeed!

What excess of delight did I enjoy in be-

holding you! You did right in placing your chair by the side of mine . . . but you did wrong in speaking to me . . .

Why so?

What will all the ladies who know and esteem me say, at seeing me conversing with a young officer in the church? . . . You must never come to meet me in the church again, my dear little rogue!

But why?

Because it really is not altogether proper . . . my conscience is not easy at it! . . . to make love in the house of the Lord! . . . to prefer the creature to the Creator! . . . and a military man too!

Why not a military man?

If you were but even an abbé, it would alter the case! . . . *apropos*, my dear angel, have you executed my commission?

What commission?

Have you forgotten? You know very well that I am always sickly during Lent!

Very well.

What, Flourvac! do not you recollect that I besought you to go and consult—

Yes! yes! a physician.

Not at all—a priest!

I recollect it perfectly.

A priest, in order to demand his permission—

He has granted it to you.

To me ! Did you mention me ?

No, a relation of mine.

Ah ! very good, very good indeed : and so, my dear, I shall be able to eat meat on Fridays and Saturdays ?

Yes.

Ah ! I am quite happy, and exceedingly obliged to you, my angel !

The burning kiss which the devotee now imprinted upon my lips, appeared to be infinitely more vivacious than any I had as yet received. Indeed I was favoured with many others during the time that was spent in sustaining a difficult conversation ; in the course of which I was generally obliged to reply by short monosyllables only.

My blood, impelled by the friendly warmth, now seemed to circulate more freely through my veins ; and I already began to demonstrate my gratitude to the hospitable beauty, when the sprightly Jansenist, who was beginning to utter the expressions of ' Divine transports ! ' ' the happiness of the Elect ! ' ' the joys of Paradise ! ' and a number of other equally impressive, but unaccustomed phrases, listens for a moment, and then exclaims—

What noise is that ? It is the voice of . . . It cannot be so . . . Good Heavens ! . . . Yes ! it is the voice

of the Chevalier! . . . of my lover! .  
 . . . How could this happen? . . . A  
 stranger in my arms! . . . Ha! . .  
 Horror! . . . I am undone!

At the first sound that I hear, at the first word she pronounces, I jump out of bed. I instantly take hold of the *necessary garment*, and put it, not over my left shoulder as formerly, but in its proper place. I now seize hold of my sword—I advance on tiptoe—I push the door, which was half-open, aside—and, according to my calculation, I had already arrived at the ground floor, where the *femme de chambre*, who had been standing as centinel, had let me in. What confirmed my conjecture was the noise made by a man on the outside, who, swearing and shivering by turns, every now and then applied his mouth to the key-hole, and unceasingly exclaimed: “Fanny! Fanny! do open the door!”

In the mean time, Madame Desglins had come to a resolution how to act. Sallying forth from her bed-chamber, she descends into the parlour, in which I was concealed, and calls me repeatedly.

Whoever you may be (says she), at least deign to hear me! Do not ruin me! Fly, before the Chevalier discovers you; fly, and I will pardon you, provided you are discreet, and keep my secret.

This was precisely my intention. I had resolved to sally forth, on the door's being opened; but the unfortunate devotee was too late by a couple of minutes, for she had turned the key twice in the lock, when, at the very instant that M. de Elourvac was pushing against one of the folding-doors, in order to enter, Fanny, who had not as yet gone to bed, appears with a light in her hand. What a spectacle did she discover!

The theatre of this adventure was a kind of eating parlour. Towards the end of it, and to the left of me, the unlucky waiting-maid surveys each of us by turns, with a pair of large eyes, which she rolled round in the utmost surprize!—In front of me, and on the step of the door that communicated with the garden, I perceive a young officer; motionless from astonishment!—In the intermediate space, Madame Desglins had fallen over in a chair, in the utmost consternation, hiding her face at the same time with her hands. I however was still able to distinguish her features; and being equally incapable of dissimulation on this as on all other occasions, I cry out—

She is extremely handsome indeed!

Perfidious woman! Scrupulous devotee! replies the officer, in a fury.

I wish to speak; I endeavour to justify Madame Desglins: but the young man, instead of hearing me, instantly draws his sword, which, in a moment, is encountered by mine.

At the first bout, I perceive that young Flourvac was my inferior at this weapon: I therefore press him a little closer, and oblige him to retire. The garden now becomes the scene of our combat:—as I was anxious to gain ground, in order to ensure a safe retreat, I did not cease to advance on my adversary, who, astonished at being so vigorously pushed, still draws back. We now arrive at the entrance of an alley, which appears spacious; there I leave my opponent, and endeavour to escape.—Equally courageous and unskilful, he instantly pursues, and, the darkness not permitting me to run quickly, he soon comes up with me.

I turn round:—our swords cross each other once more; I watch an opportunity, and disarm my opponent. The two women now run up, take hold of the vanquished lover; while the conqueror throws himself behind an hedge of yoke-elm, and escapes.

I now grope along the wall, in search of the breach, of which Madame Desglins had spoken to me: I at length discover—I pass through it, and find myself in the court.

yard belonging to her neighbour, the magnetiser.

As it is necessary to entreat the compassion of the reader, I ought not to omit a circumstance which greatly augmented the danger of my situation. The north-east wind, of which I before complained, continued to increase: and to add still more to my misfortune, the snow fell thick upon my shirt, which was, alas! too fine to defend me from either the cold or the wet.—Pity, fair ladies! pity a young man, who can be reproached with nothing but his excessive attachment to you; think at what time of night, and in what a sorry plight, he was obliged to run from garden to garden on your account!

I now find my farther progress stopped by means of a gate, and am ready to perish on account of the cold. What am I to do? I instantly draw my sword, and push *cart and tierce* against the iron bars, in order to warm me. At the noise which I made, a great dog began to bark so loud that the neighbouring buildings re-echoed with the hollow deep sound.

A few minutes after, a man runs out, and instantly opens the door.

O! here is another of them! exclaims he . . . How strangely he is dressed! What kind of clothing for winter! Such

an odd whimsey! to sleep standing, as if our ancestors had not invented beds! . . . Go, go, *Monsieur Somnambulist*, get into your dormitory again, and leave a poor porter to take a little repose . . . Go, go and sleep along with the rest . . . Not there, not there! . . . Here! this way.

I now mount a staircase, and search around for the dormitory, very impatient to discover some solitary and commodious corner where I might recover the use of my limbs. I still proceed until I arrive at the second story, where, in an immense apartment lighted by lamps, I perceive a prodigious number of beds ranged in a row; not one of which, however, appeared to be vacant.

At length I discover one that happened to be unoccupied; I joyfully approach it, and, throwing off the *necessary garment*, which contained all my treasure, I instantly lay it behind my pillow, near to which I also place my sword. I then take off, and deposit my shirt, which was impregnated with snow water, on a chair; with one of the corners of the coverlet I wipe my body, and instantly throw myself upon two ill-stuffed mattresses, which appeared infinitely more delicious to me than the superb bed of the *Vicomte de Valbrun*;—so true is the



vulgar adage, "That pleasure is the offspring of pain!"

As soon, however, as my blood began to be warmed by the genial and progressive heat, my mind once more became a prey to the dangers with which I was surrounded; for, without doubt, I was pursued from without, perhaps also my life was menaced within. What was to become of me? I was not ignorant in respect to the house to which my destiny had conducted me, and what an extraordinary kind of people inhabited it; but how was I to remain there? how escape from it? and, above all things, how was I to satisfy my ravenous appetite, for during the whole preceding day and night I had tasted nothing but a cup of chocolate?

My mind was occupied with these disagreeable reflections, when several persons all of a sudden enter the apartment, approach towards, and surround my bed.

What was I to do?

As it was impossible for me to fly, I determine to shut my eyes, and appear as if enjoying a sound sleep, the pleasures of which were foreign to my heart. Imagine to yourself, gentle reader, what must have been my astonishment; when, in order to examine me more closely, they placed a candle before mine eyes. Imagine to

yourself what was my astonishment, when I heard the following dialogue—

I do not know him.

Nor I.

Nor I.

I know that he is just come, says a female voice.

To night?

Yes.

He has not a bad face—he looks a little fatigued or so . . . but this is not astonishing . . . Have you put him upon the stool? . . . have you prescribed the proper regimen for him?

Is his sleep natural?

Let us ask him.

Begin.

My dear Sir, says a female, are you happy in your dreams? He does not answer a single word.

Put another question to him, Madam.

Young man, adds she, why did you come hither? Not a syllable in reply.

Very well, let us perform the operation upon him, Madam.

That is my opinion.

And mine.

And mine.

And mine also.

At the word *operation*, I begin to trem-

ble ; and I am seized with a cold sweat the very moment they take off the coverlet.

My God ! exclaims the female, drawing back her hand, he is quite naked !

He is quite naked ! reply the whole of them.

Look, there is his shirt upon that chair !

Quite wet !

Yes, yes ; that proceeds from perspiration !

It has been critical !

Very critical indeed !

But for this, he would have been attacked with an inflammatory fever !

An apoplexy !

A catalepsy !

My shirt was now put on, and I was placed on the bed in such a manner that my two feet were supported on the cross-bar of a chair, upon which, as it appeared to me, the lady was seated who was to commence the operation.

She now chafes my two legs, and rubs her hand backwards and forwards along all parts of my body, with a steady, but a gentle motion.

Too prudent to testify how agreeable this new kind of operation was to me, I still feign to be asleep.

This, says one, seems to be a very obstinate slumber !

Yes, adds another, it partakes something of the nature of a lethargy !

So much the better, replies a third ; it will be more certainly productive of *somnambulism*.

Let us know if he will speak now. Pray interrogate him, Madam.

Handsome young man ! has the animal magnetism had any effect upon your body ?

I did not utter a single word in reply.

Roggish female, who puttest this question to me !—surely with a corner of your eye you perceive, by the most unequivocal signs in the world, that it has had its desired effect !

She actually does so ! for all of a sudden she leaves off the gentle friction, and in a triumphant accent thus addresses those who surround her :—

I will undertake that this young man shall be radically cured in the space of eight days : nay more, I will return and question him in a quarter of an hour ; and I will lay any wager, that by that time he will be in a state of *somnambulism*, and be able to reply to me.

As soon as my physicians had removed from the side of my bed, I make haste to open my eyes, in order to examine the

lady who just before she left me appeared to have squeezed my hand. Her voice was not altogether unknown to me, but unfortunately she had turned round when I looked towards her; there was something, however, in her elegant and majestic person, with which my eyes seemed to be familiar.

A servant now accosted her by the name of Madame le Blanc, and informed her that the turkey and truffles had just arrived. I regretted exceedingly that I had obstinately persevered in silence during my interrogation, and thus reduced myself to a situation in which I was ready to die with fear and with hunger, instead of making use of a little address, and thus procuring something to allay my appetite.

In about fifteen minutes, Madame le Blanc desires the doctors to return to my bed. At their approach, I make haste, as before, to shut my eyes. What effrontery, extravagance, and quackery, was I now obliged to witness! This lady, assuming the manner and the tone of a prophetess, after enjoining silence, makes the following oracular speech:

Some superior power transports me above the clouds! I soar amidst the immensity of the heavens! my eye surveys the universe! my knowledge embraces the

ages that have passed away, the present moment, and the eternity that is to follow !

I behold in the *past*, that the young man who lies here, had always something of the libertine in his disposition ; that, not content with having at one and the same time, a handsome woman, and a charming maid, he dared to trick M. le Baron, his very honoured father, out of a most amiable nymph. In regard to the *present*, I perceive that this *spoilt child* is called *Blasfau*.\* I divine as to the *future*, that he will not be long ill, and that he will be instantly in a state of *somnambulism*.

At the mention of my real name, which the prophetess disguised by the simple transposition of the two syllables of which it was composed ; on hearing the history of my amours, of which she made a short abridgement ; and above all, at the allusion to the little secret anecdote, which she brought malignantly to my recollection, I was about to break silence ; but I thought it proper to hear the questions put to me by Madame le Blanc, whom I instantly recollected.

Charming young man ! are you asleep ?

\* The anagram of Faublas.

Yes ; but I speak because I am in a state of *somnambulism* !

Who has initiated you ?

The most amiable of women . . .  
she whose handsome hand I now feel . . .  
the prophetess.

What is your malady ?

Excessive fatigue and uneasiness in the morning, and a most devouring appetite during the whole day.

What is to be done relative to your cure ?

You are to give me a bottle of champagne, and a turkey stuffed with truffles.

Ha ! ha !

And that in the prophetess's own apartment, whom I beseech to favour me with a private conversation.

Ha ! ha !

I shall reveal to her something extremely necessary to the propagation of . . . magnetism !

Ha ! ha ! ha !

## CHAP. III.

*Invocation to Venus—Faublas finds himself under the necessity of renewing his acquaintance with Coralie, whom he recognizes in the person of Madame le Blanc—he once more escapes from the Officers of the Police—enters a garret window, and discovers a young man in great misery—some account of a Parisian advocate—The pleasure arising from relieving merit in distress.*

O Venus! Venus! you decreed, for the amusement of the fair sex, and of my early manhood, you decreed, that in the person of Faublas, now only eighteen years of age, there should be an union of a variety of good qualities usually deemed incompatible.

With the face of a girl you bestowed upon me the vigour of a man.

You conferred upon me vivacity, gaiety, sprightliness, and grace, the wit of the day, the eloquence of the moment, the patience which watches for, the boldness that hazards, and the address that produces the lucky moment; in short, a thousand little advantages which a greater coxcomb



would have piqued himself more upon, and perhaps have made less use of.

You know how much my conduct has ever proved my gratitude, how dear thy rites are to me, and how I have been prodigal of my sacrifices on thy adored altars!

However, if you have reserved more than mortal toils for me; if, taking pleasure in multiplying obstacles and temptations during my journey, you are determined, that between the convent in the *Fauxbourg Saint Marceau* and the convent in the *Fauxbourg Saint Germain*, I should be stopped in every house, and obliged unceasingly to choose between a momentary infidelity and an eternal separation; I am ready, Goddess! to obey thy commands; and even if I perish in the attempt, I shall endeavour to discover, and to rejoin my Sophia!

But be as just as you are fair; proportion the means to the difficulties, Goddess! here are not wanting the perishable charms of your effeminate hunter\*, nor the conjugal efforts of your lame blacksmith†: whoever is decreed to run such a brilliant career as mine, ought to be endowed with the prodigious strength of your ‡ immortal

\* Adonis. † Vulcan. ‡ Mars.

lover, or the fabulous talents of the husband of the fifty sisters.\*

But no—it is not this that Faublas demands of you. O gracious Divinity! you are not only the queen of pleasures, but the mother of love! A husband and wife, while they are still lovers, may not appear altogether unworthy of your protection. From the height of the empyreum, contemplate, without jealousy, a mortal equally beautiful as yourself!—She is in distress—she implores you—she expects me. Honour her adored husband with a favourable look! fly to my succour, anticipate my dangers, disperse my enemies, conduct me to the desired esylum! Deign to re-unite me to my Sophia—to myself! Then shall a pure and delightful incense be burnt under your altars; then shall a delicious sacrifice be offered up to you, equally worthy of the priest, the victim, and the idol.

While I was making this poetic invitation, the prophetess was busied in the dormitory; in a short time she descended into her own apartment, and sent for me immediately: it is almost unnecessary to remark, that I put on the *necessary garment*, and that I left my sword behind me.

\* Hercules.

Ha! how do you do, my hopeful son-in-law?

And how are you, my charming mother-in-law?

Faublas, tell me what adventure has brought you hither?

Inform me, Coralie, by what metamorphosis—

I am married, Sir!

Madam, and I am married also!

But this event makes me tremble for the honour of M. le Blanc.

And I again fear that I shall be necessitated once more to yield to circumstances.

But to come to the point, my dear Sir, I begin to think that a husband is a tame kind of an animal; and I, in truth, have occasion for a lover.

And to be honest with you, my dear Madam, I am happy to have found you once more; for the sight of a handsome woman can never displease me; and I, at this present moment, stand in need of an asylum, some clothes, and a supper.

Madame le Blanc instantly ordered me a *robe de chambre*, soon after, the turkey that I longed so much for, and the bottle of wine at present so necessary, were brought me.

I drank with the eagerness of a musician who has been fiddling for three hours

by the clock at some nobleman's house, and has not found a single moment's time in order to refresh himself!

I ate with the stomach of a lean author, who, admitted to a rich bookseller's table every Monday, makes that dinner last him for a whole week!

While I was thus employing my time in the best manner possible, Coralie recited the particulars of her history to me, in a few words.

Two or three days after the comical catastrophe that at one and the same time bereaved me of a father and a son, a grave doctor paid me a visit. M. le Blanc (for that is his name) paid his court to, fell sincerely in love with, and actually offered me his hand; which I could not decently refuse—for he was exceeding rich. I actually consented to espouse him—

You espouse him!

Yes! in the church, and what is infinitely more strange, I was faithful to him—for three whole months! . . . But that circumstance began at length to incommode me exceedingly: . . . I avow to you frankly, that I am not calculated to become a calendar for old men! . . . but to return to M. le Blanc—I was married to him then, and soon after conducted to his house, which I found to be inhabited

by imaginary patients and pretended doctors. My husband, who became richer every day, by the practice of animal magnetism, taught me that famous science, which in truth I now excel in myself; I take delight in it, because it amuses me. You know, my friend, that I am a wag by nature, and that I am diverted at the expence of those whom I deceive. Besides, I am educating, as it were, for a public life; for you know that *somnambulism* is a perfect comedy! Upon honour, therefore, marriage excepted, my new condition does not in the least displease me. . . . Coralie no longer dances, but she magnetises; she prophesies instead of declaiming: you thus perceive that I still act a part, and that in truth I have only changed the theatre of my exploits.

All is very well, my dear Coralie!—But to speak seriously, the moment that I have supped, will not you send me back to the dormitory?

Most assuredly not.

Do you consent to spend the evening with me, notwithstanding your marriage?

Notwithstanding my marriage! say rather on that very account; and besides, Chevalier, I have somewhere read, that every person has a *hankering* after his old trade! I have not forgotten mine; it was

a most excellent one formerly ; but of late, people of quality have begun to be such interlopers! . . . Well, if I am to return to it, I cannot begin with a more amiable gentleman than him whom I now embrace.

I restore Madame le Blanc's kiss to the original owner, and then resume the conversation—

But where is your husband?

At Beauvais, on account of some family affairs.

And will not your waiting maid *blab*?

Ha! you are in the right—How foolish I am grown of late! . . . It is necessary that I should make her my confidante.

Having said this, she rings the bell ; the servant instantly appears, and her mistress addresses her thus :

Hold! here is a guinea for you!—but take care that you do not mention a word of what you may hear or see, to your master . . . for I shall prove you to be a liar, tear your eyes out, and dismiss you . . . You may retire!

After having pronounced this truly heroic harangue in a most majestic tone, Madame le Blanc undresses and goes to bed . . . I follow . . . and instantly fall asleep!

Scrupulous censor! you who reproach my work with not containing any one profitable less, see how sublime and profound that morality is which springs out of the subject itself! Behold with how much justice, and by what inevitable fatality, the two most unworthy rivals of my Sophia found themselves punished the one after the other!

It was nearly eight o'clock in the morning when Madame le Blanc got up, and accommodated me with a long black coat; which she had taken out of her husband's wardrobe. Before I determined on what was to be done in my present critical situation, it was necessary that I should let M. Valbrun know the asylum which my good fortune had presented me with. The commission was a delicate one, and Coralie offered to execute it: but she had not been gone five minutes, when she returned to my apartment. On her entrance, she instantly barred the door, shut the windows, and, with an affrighted look, told me, that as she was about to sally forth, she had heard several men talking in the adjoining street. One of them, on seizing the knocker, had said—This nun cannot be far off; it is necessary that we should search the adjacent houses.—Do you run to the commissary—you are

to remain in the middle of the street—these gentlemen shall accompany me—we have no occasion for a warrant here, because it is not a private house.

After communicating this sinister intelligence, Coralie conducts me, by a private door, to a back staircase. Chevalier! says she;—

You cannot escape by the court-yard, for the officers of the police have already entered it—

Impossible!

Yes, it is but too true; for the moment the *Exempt* had given his orders, he knocked at the gate, and my porter opened it in an instant . . . In short, I had only time sufficient to fly here, and inform you of your danger.

But how am I to escape?

That way, Faublas! Ascend the staircase, crawl along the roof, and take care, I beseech you, lest you should break your neck.

Be not afraid on that account!

I instantly spring forward: I ascend three or four steps at a time, until I arrive at the garret; I then pass through a window, and walk along the roof, with that timidity and precaution which the height and inequality of the surface naturally inspired me with. I had thus



clambered for some time from one precipice to another, when I discover a man stationed in one of the gardens below, and who, the moment he perceived me, gave the alarm. I now hasten to take refuge in an ancient and neglected house, the entrance to which was only defended by a paltry sash, whose compartments were adorned with squares of paper.

There, lying upon a scanty portion of straw, I behold a fellow creature languishing in distress, who, in a feeble voice, addresses me thus :

What has brought you hither? What do you want with me? The victim of the unjust scorn of mankind, I perceive it is in vain that I have endeavoured to conceal my last moments from their insulting pity!

. . . Answer me, indiscreet stranger! tell me, wherefore you come, by means of your presence, to augment the horror of the last hour I have to live?

Unfortunate young man! I am far, very far, from wishing to add to your sorrows. Alas! permit me rather to soften them; permit me rather to offer you some consolation.

I wish for none! Leave me! . . . I shall be but too happy in dying, if I can die without any witnesses.

You make me tremble! . . . Are

you devoured with such a shameful chagrin that you dare not avow it to any body?

Yes, with a chagrin, shameful, cruel, insupportable! . . . but a thousand times less so than would be the humiliating confession which you endeavour to tear from me. . . . Leave me!

As he spoke, a child, whom I had not perceived before, but who had been sleeping by his side, now awakes, spreads out his arms towards me, and cries out,

“ I am hungry !”

Why do not you give him something to eat?

Why! says the young man; Why! adds he with a melancholy accent, that accent which at once pierces and tears the heart: The infant again looks me in the face, and once more exclaims, “ I am hungry!”

Ah, poor unfortunates! how much misery!

Misery! replies the young man, interrupting me; misery! . . . is it then true that it can debase every thing? even virtue itself! Is it my fault if sprung by the chance of birth from, and born among, the most indigent class, I have beheld my youth tormented by a thousand wants, and condemned to all manner of privations?

Is it my fault, if, after making a thousand useless trials, in order to bend my

stubborn and ungrateful fortune; that my efforts were ill repaid, merely because they were laborious; that my enterprises failed, because they were honest; that my pursuits were ignoble, because they were unproductive? . . . And when at length enabled, after a thousand difficulties, to arrive at the bar, I thought that I had opened a career to myself, equally useful and glorious; am I culpable for having met with nothing but colleagues interested in the annihilation of those talents of which they were jealous, attornies incapable of appreciating merit which had not been boasted of, or friends unable to lend me ten guineas to *purchase* a cause in which I might shine?

Am I culpable for having associated with me a companion in misfortune. when I felt the cravings of that sensual appetite which occasions pleasure to the rich, and necessity to the poor? And am I to be blamed, if, docile to the voice of nature, and attentive to the first of her behests, my wife, unfashionably true to my bed, brought me this child, by whom our misery was augmented? Can I be accused of expending too much on a sick spouse, who soon fell under the pressure of disease, merely because she had not a physician? Alas! if my life, during its miserable

career, has been crossed by a thousand disagreeable accidents, agitated by unceasing chagrin, and varied with torments of every kind, who is it that dares to say that the fault was mine?

Notwithstanding this, I have beheld myself the object of derision; ridicule has pursued, humiliations have been lavished upon me; I was obliged to support menaces, and conceal affronts; I was covered with maledictions and opprobrium . . . . Every body at length avoided me—all fled from my approach, as if my approach had dishonoured them, as if I had carried on my detested forehead the sign of public reprobation.

Great God! who has permitted me to suffer so much—Powerful Divinity! who canst read the heart of a mortal—Thou knowest whether my conduct has ever justified the scorn of mankind; thou knowest if I have not done every thing in my power to make my poverty at least respectable.

What! has nobody given you assistance?

Once only, pressed by my extreme distress, and determined by the dangerous situation of this child, I committed so much violence on my own feelings, as to go and implore the assistance of a man who called himself my patron. If you but knew in

what a tone the cruel man pitied me—with what barbarity he elevated his voice, as he threw me his alms before a crowd of servants who were waiting in his hall! . . .

. . . But, doubtless, I deserved to be treated in this manner, for I was mean enough to suffer myself to have a protector! . . . . I went to seek for li-

berality in the palace of the rich; one never finds any thing there, but charity! I have sullied, by a single act of baseness, a life until then irreproachable. . . . Thou

who now listenest to me! if Nature hath endowed thee with a masculine mind, if thou hast preserved that pride of character which the consciousness of a pure life at once gives and justifies, thou knowest that I could not receive, without ignominy, however pressing my wants might have been, a *boon* bestowed in this manner; thou knowest, that of all my affronts, the most insupportable ought to have been the last; that death should have become my only re-  
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No! generous unknown! No! keep your money; it no longer can be of service

to me. . . . I returned here, in a state of desperation . . . for the last six and thirty hours, my child has subsisted on two potatoes. . . . No, generous stranger, once more I tell you to take back your gold ; it is now too late. . . . I acknowledge, however, that your grief consoles me—that your tears affect me. . . . O, my child ! if, like me, you are reserved to the most cruel trials ; if, like me, you are unceasingly to combat between hunger and opprobrium, it is doubtless far better that you should accompany me to my tomb ! . . . But Heaven has sent you a deliverer !—O my son ! I feel myself more tranquil : I leave you to your adopted father : he is, as I perceive, full of sensibility and goodness. . . . O Sir ! be the friend of his infancy, and leave me to die !

Why should you die ? What blind delirium is it, that, in the flower of youth, would precipitate you towards the tomb ? Chagrined by the resentment naturally arising from an injury committed against you by a pitiless man, shall your heart be open to that little and contemptible vanity which disdainfully refuses every foreign aid, which proudly rejects even that tendered by the hand of a stranger ? Can you sup-

pose that I mean to insult those misfortunes which have cost me so many tears?

—No! The most tender interest in my fate is impressed upon your countenance and your discourse; and I still perceive that there is one man upon the earth capable of some sentiment of humanity.

Live then for society! whose injustice towards you has not deprived it of the right to claim your talents, the exercise of which may still be useful—Live for your son! who would be left, by a premature death, to the malice of that very fortune which hath done so very much injustice to yourself—Live for me! . . . yes, most assuredly your child shall be mine; I shall see him again; but I must see you both.

. . . My friend, be not obstinate in a criminal resolution . . . Do not refuse me . . . Hear me! . . . For more than a year past, thrown into a new world, and continually distracted by the pleasures of a dissipated life, I have neglected those duties which nothing can dispense with fulfilling.

I readily avow to you, that, entirely occupied about myself, I have hitherto forgotten those of my fellow creatures, concerning whom I ought to have thought daily. . . . And how many worthy families, ruined at present without resource;

might I not perhaps have supported with part of the money wasted in my vain amusements ! and how many unfortunates are there, who have perhaps perished, whom I might have snatched from despair ! Assist me, my friend, to repair this fault, which I shall never pardon myself for having committed. . . . I do not pretend to offer you a feeble succour, which will not save you, but for a moment, from the horror of your deplorable situation : there are two hundred *louis d'ors* in this purse—borrow the half of them—

The half of them !

Borrow the half, I beseech you. A hundred *louis* will supply your more urgent necessities, enable you to bring your talents to perfection, enable you to watch for a proper opportunity to display them, and to make yourself known. A hundred *louis* will perhaps be the foundation of your fortune : and when you shall be at your ease, my friend, you too shall go in search of the miserable, whom you shall also console ; and the very first moment that an unfortunate wretch is indebted to you for his life, your debt to me shall be instantly cancelled !

O humanity ! O generosity !

Come, my friend, take this money, resume your courage, let us embrace ; be consoled !—I well know that misery is never



shameful, but when it is the fruit of misconduct; and that a favour, when it confers honour on the giver, is also an eulogium upon the receiver.

O my deliverer ! it is Providence . . . yes, it is God . . . it is God himself, who has sent you in order to save us ! . . . I shall daily approach his altars, I shall thank the Eternal ! I shall go, and shall call down upon you the benedictions of Heaven !

His speech was now interrupted by his sighs ; in the mean time the little boy, advancing towards me, in a caressing manner, taps my cheek with his hand, still wet with his father's tears.

O happy, charming moment ! how can I express the delight that I then felt !

Sir, says the young man, whose voice had now returned, deign to inform me to whom I am indebted for life ?

I cannot.

Do you refuse to tell me ? Then, Sir, take back your gold.

But—

Would you conceal yourself from my gratitude ?—I cannot on these terms accept your money.

But first hear the reasons—

Sir, I cannot accept it.

Very well ! I then will prove to you the

unbounded confidence I have in you : I am called the Chevalier de Faublas.

The Chevalier de Faublas !

Yes ! . . . My adventures have made some noise in the capital, and my character has been perhaps arraigned with too much severity. O my friend ! excuse the follies and the passions of youth ; and in order to judge properly of me, wait some time—you cannot know me at present.

Ah ! I know you, and you are entitled to all my esteem ! . . . As to your faults, I am sure you will correct them ; . . . : the person who has a good heart cannot err long.

He now takes my hand, and kisses it several times ; I embrace him in my turn, and ask his name.

It is Florval, says he.

Florval, I love that noble frankness that seems to form part of your character : are you sincerely disposed to honour me with your friendship ?

What a question !

It is absolutely necessary that I should conceal myself, Florval ; I do not know what may become of me ! I am pursued !

Are you pursued ? May your enemies be disappointed ! may their efforts be unsuccessful !—but why do you wear those

clothes? Perhaps they have already seen you! Why do not you assume another dress?

Where can I find one?

In that corner you will find a few black rags . . . they were once my gown, the only moveable that I have always preserved. This very morning, however, I determined to have sold it, but I was unable to reach the stair-case; and if I had gone, I should have got little or nothing for it, it is so very bad! Notwithstanding this, it will disguise you admirably: you can conceal your coat beneath, and allow your hair to fall down above it; it is still sufficiently powdered for that purpose.

As I was occupied about my disguise, I put several questions to my new friend, all of which he was eager to answer.

So you are an advocate, Florval?

Alas! yes, Sir.

I was always used to think that profession equally lucrative and genteel.

Ah! what a trade it is! to force a poor devil to pay you before-hand, in order to prevent you from the necessity of summoning him!—to engross chancery bills for an attorney, at a penny per page!—to give long consultations every morning for half-a-crown!—Ah, what a trade, Sir! what a trade!

But there are so many law-suits that you must all find employment?

It is easy to think so; but consider that our famous order is composed of from five to six hundred members, more avaricious of money than of renown. I have beheld such of my brethren as enjoy any reputation, caressing that good fortune which smiles upon them, but neglecting that glory which they might have acquired; in one and the same day drawing out pleas, compiling consultations, perusing cases, pleading in all the courts, and, by means of this murderous kind of activity, sucking the blood of fifty lean clients, and devouring the substance of fifty famished colleagues!—Ah, Sir! what a trade!

Nevertheless, Florval, endeavour to become acquainted with it, and—

And the means, Sir?—If you but knew how much disgust they endeavour to give me! by how many delays they fatigue my patience! with what address, and with how many nearly insurmountable difficulties they fetter all my attempts!

Florval, be assured that a better fortune awaits you. Think of all the celebrated orators; like you, they had obstacles to vanquish.

The sublimity of great models makes

one despair, when we behold the inconceivable success of certain people in the present age! Would you believe it, that, except in literature alone, reputations are always usurped? At the bar, as elsewhere, timid merit blushes and hides its head; while audacious mediocrity struts forward, solicits, manœuvres, and acquires an *eclat* that is not always temporary. When, on the day before yesterday, with rage in my heart, and hunger in my countenance, I regained my garret, in order to expire with want: how came it about, I say, that M. E\*\*\*, one of our confraternity, giddy with success, during the whole of his life, died of an indigestion, beneath a gilded canopy?—Ah, Sir! what a trade! what a trade!

What, are there none of you who merit the reputation they have acquired?

There are many whose talents, truly respectable, do honour to the bar. Would to God that those secret enmities brought forth by daily rivalry, and that low envy, the constant enemy of success, did not attach themselves to their steps, in order to operate their ruin, and tarnish their glory! Ah, Sir! what a trade! what a trade!—I have narrowly examined it; but who would follow it, if by chance he did

not now and then find some unfortunate object to defend, at the risk of being *struck off the roll*?

Florval! friend Florval! misfortunes have soured your temper.

That is but too true, says he, with a smile upon his countenance;—one never looks at the fairest side of a question, after a two days fast! . . . Monsieur le Chevalier . . . I am unable to descend into the street . . . and all that you have done for me will be of no avail, if you do not take the trouble of sending me some nourishment!

My friend, I will procure you every thing in a moment.

While I was speaking, I arranged my gown in such a manner as to make its antiquity a little less remarkable. As it was torn on both sides, I took great pains to tuck it up so as to prevent the rents from being visible. A large hole, however, made its appearance on my breast; but I hid it by means of a plait, which I secured with a pin: in short I contrived so well, that, with one end hanging over my arm, and another behind my back, the little advocate seemed to disappear altogether, and I had the air and manner of a *procureur syndic*.

Adieu, Florval! say I; and if by chance you should be questioned—

I shall rather suffer the most horrid punishment than expose you to the least danger! . . . But shall I be long without seeing you?

I cannot answer that question.

I shall enquire after—I shall inform myself concerning your fate. Ah, M. de Faublas! deign not to forget a man who is indebted to you for his all.

Florval, I shall not forget my friend.

Adieu, my benefactor!—adieu, my deliverer!

I was now at the end of a long passage, when the child also, in a shrill voice, exclaimed, “Adieu, papa!”

The son calls me his father! and the father terms me his deliverer! and I have snatched two victims from death, and my eyes are still moist with the sweetest tears they have ever shed, and my heart is impregnated with the most delicious sentiments! O the ineffable pleasures resulting from a good action! O the supreme happiness, of which I have had but hitherto a feeble idea! . . . O my Sophia! in company with each other, we shall one day search out the unhappy, we shall penetrate into the abode of poverty, of want,

and of wretchedness! There we shall discover the misery which conceals itself, anticipate the humiliating confession, proportionate the succour to the want, and pour forth our consolation into the bosom of sorrow. Yes, my charming wife! twenty unfortunates, nourished by thy benefits, shall render thee a homage worthy of thy heart. How beautiful wilt thou appear to me, when I shall behold thee affected by their secret complaints, when I shall behold thee return covered with their benedictions! Scarce will they perceive me; they will attend to nobody but you! It will be thy hand which they will presume to kiss; it will be you whom they will term their delivering angel! Thou possessest a celestial figure; every feature of thy countenance announces a divinity.

O my Sophia! then shalt thou comfort the fathers of families, orphans, poor widows, forsaken maidens . . . . .  
 Widows and maidens! . . . . . Faublas,  
 far be that horrible idea from your bosom!  
 . . . . . respect the unfortunate beauty  
 whom you have succoured, or renounce  
 every sentiment of honour, and remain for  
 ever loaded with the just execration of  
 mankind!



## CHAP. IV.

*The Chevalier is still pursued by the officers of the police—A conversation with their leader—He finds it necessary to assume a new disguise—Dialogue between him and one of those miserable wretches, generally termed "Women of Pleasure."—A soliloquy at the sight of an old acquaintance—A pitched battle between Faublas and a bully—Our hero is delivered over to the Patrole—Some account of the ancient mode of trying a prisoner in Paris—The Chevalier is committed to Bridewell.*

I went on amusing myself in this manner, until I had arrived at the street door, where the dangers that every where surrounded me, called off my ideas to very different objects.

I had scarce quitted this hospitable mansion, when I was closely followed by several men. One of them more especially frightened me with the scrutinising look with which he surveyed me; soon after, with an air sometimes irresolute, sometimes decided, looking alternately at my pale countenance, and the horrid faces of his vile companions, he seemed to consult

them, and to say, "This is the person whom we are in search of."

Persuaded that I could not escape from such a dangerous situation but by assuming more than usual audacity, I endeavoured to compose my countenance; and after torturing my memory in order to recollect the name mentioned by Madame le Blanc, I instantly turn round.

Griffart! exclaim I, in a loud voice.

Now it happened very luckily that this ugly fellow, who gave me so much uneasiness, was precisely this very Monsieur Griffart!

What would you say to me? replies he.

What! do not you know me?—nor you, gentlemen?

No! replies one of them.

On this I instantly assume a nobly disdainful air, turn my head round, and survey the whole gang, over my left shoulder; I measure the chief with my eye, from head to foot; at length I permit these words to drop from my mouth;—

What, gentlemen, do not you know the son of the Commissary C\*\*\*?

At this revered and dreaded name, all the rogues, seized with a sudden respect, take off their hats and cotton night caps, comb back their *toupees* with their fingers,

draw their right feet clumsily behind their left, and, after a thousand excuses, make me a low reverence.

With a gentle inclination of the head, I signify my pardon; and once more addressing Griffart, I ask him, if any thing uncommon had occurred?

He told me, that they were in pursuit of a *religieuse*, whom they had at length discovered in men's clothes on the top of a house; that they had already found great trouble and difficulty in attempting to seize her person—but that it was impossible she could escape, as both ends of the street were blocked up, and every body examined before they were suffered to pass.

As soon as he had ended, I pull a piece of money out of my purse, and, turning round, speak as follows;—I intend to treat you with something to drink, my good fellow;—Griffart, you must instantly carry a large slice of bread, a piece of roast meat, and a bottle of wine, to a person of the name of Florval, who lives in this alley, at No. 3, up five pair of stairs. With the remainder of the crown piece you may regale yourself and companions.

He and his followers now exhaust their ingenuity in thanking me in gross, rather than energetic terms; indeed their gestures

were equally disgusting and ridiculous ; and their very joy made me melancholy, for it was ignoble, like themselves.

As soon as they had left me, I began to interrogate myself relative to the part I was now to act.—This pretended religieuse whom they are in pursuit of, say I, as they tell me, has assumed a man's dress:—if I could now but disguise myself as a woman . . . . Hah! yonder is an engaging young lady, who politely beckons all the male passengers from her window in the second story! . . . Perhaps by making use of a little money . . . . Let me make the attempt . . . . If I do not succeed, I shall still have it in my power to go to the end of the street, and present the son of the Commissary C\*\*\* to the inspection of the police. . . . You are going into bad company again, Faublas; but, faith! for this once it is self-preservation.

I accordingly run up stairs, and enter the apartment of this kind creature, whose door was left half-open, for the convenience of her friends. On perceiving my black robe, she seemed as much affrighted as if she had beheld the devil; the piercing shriek which she uttered, might have been heard all over the neighbourhood; this alarmed me not a little. Being desirous,

therefore, to prevent the vengeance of the lovers of this modern Aspasia, who might be thus called to her assistance, I made haste to throw off my upper garment.

Her fear instantly began to dissipate, on hearing me assure her that I was not a *commissary*; but when she beheld me pull a double *louis d'or* from my purse, her countenance became instantly serene, and the most lively hope seemed to beam from her eyes. By a mechanical kind of motion her left arm was placed . . . O that I possessed the pen of Tristram Shandy! then I would describe the exact place where her left hand was stationed.

As to her right, I remarked it also with particular attention. Just escaped from the snuff-box of its commodious owner, it had but a short space to traverse before it arrived at the place of its destination; it, however, was unable to achieve the passage, and remained suspended exactly on a line with her chin. It was with great regret that I beheld the fore-finger separated from the thumb, and saw the dear *oroonoko* falling towards the ground! An economical zephyr, jealous to prevent the loss of so precious a commodity, blew some part of it towards my olfactory nerve, and I instantly began to sneeze. In the mean-time, the *amiable* young woman, with her mouth

half-open, her forehead still radiant with joy, and her eyes invariably fixed upon the brilliant metal, did not utter a single word; but her gracious and compassionate air seemed to announce—"O, how happy should I be to serve you!"

Mademoiselle . . . these two *louis d'ors* are intended for you—

I am glad at it, says she, interrupting me: . . . and, more quick than lightning, she runs towards her door, which she instantly shuts; flies to her window, across which she spreads a worm-eaten cloth, that some people might be polite enough to term a curtain; then smooths down a little bed in an adjoining alcove

My dear Madam: if you had heard me out, you would have spared yourself all this trouble . . . In short, you have entirely misinterpreted my intentions: all that I demand in return for the piece of metal which I hold in my hand, is, that you will furnish me with some of your clothes, and help to dress me up as a female.

I am glad at it! replies she.

You seem to be very accomodating indeed, for you are *glad* at every thing! but make haste, and bring me some of your finery directly. . . What is this

you have given me?—A white petticoat, all covered with dirt from top to bottom!

O, it is only soiled a little; last night was so rainy!

And this gown—so torn!

It is quite whole . . . except a rent or two that it happened to get last Monday evening, when I was *trouncing* an attorney's clerk, who forgot to *fee* me

And this handkerchief—so rumpled!

I am sure that it is only *crumpled* a little by an old monk who visits me now and then.

And this cap—which seems to have been singed!

O, no great matter, I believe;—for it was only thrown for a moment into the fire, by my *friend* in a fit of jealousy.

No, no, Mademoiselle, these rags will not suit me at all . . . bring me your holiday clothes, and I will pay you whatever you may ask for them. As to this money . . . here, take it! I only intend giving you this by way of a *premium*, on account of your keeping the secret.

Well then, upon my honour, you shall have the dress I wore at the Pantheon—it is so brilliant!

Faith, this is elegant indeed!—this is a dress fit for a ball!

I know that very well: it belonged to a

very great lady, a Marchioness; it was presented by her to her waiting maid, who sold it to me.

The robe is very handsome indeed!—I think too that I have seen it somewhere before this.

It is so handsome that I scarce ever dared to put it on: besides, it is too long for me; I will therefore sell it to you at prime cost . . . only four *louis*! and, besides this, you shall have my fine black hat, with its feather, *gratis*.

Well, well, they are extremely cheap; and so here is your money.

I still was in want of a shift: Fanchette had great difficulty in procuring me an indifferent one; and her *timid modesty* was such as to induce her to retire while I put it on. The robe, which she soon after assisted me in adjusting, fitted me as well as if it had been made on purpose.

This dress, says Fanchette, is admirably adapted to your shape.

It is so indeed! and pray from whom did you purchase it?

From a lady's maid.

Do you know her name?

Yes—Justine.

Justine! was it Justine who sold you this robe?

Yes. Do you know Justine?



No.—It belonged, you say, to a Marchioness?

Yes—do you know the Marchioness?

No. . . . This dress surely . . . surely it is the very same!

Do you know the dress?

No . . . . Who would have told me a year ago that I should disguise myself a second time in it, and in such a place as this?

What is that you are chattering about?

I recollect well, that I returned it to Justine, in order to be restored to her lady; but the cunning little Abigail thought it a fair prize. How things are discovered!

Speak a little louder, my dear!

This poor robe, which doubtless has often made its appearance at the most elegant entertainments! in the most brilliant circles! What place do I now find it in, and by whom do I see it possessed!

Sir?

What ignominy now sullies its eclipsed glory!—Strange vicissitude of human affairs!

Do tell me what all this is about.

Ye fair ladies, who sleep in peace and security under the faith of that respect paid to your virtues, and in the security which the discretion and fidelity of your servants inspire you with! be upon your

guard, lest any thing belonging to you should be thus prostituted.

I do not understand a single word that you say!

Charming robe, lent me formerly by my charming mistress!—would to Heaven that I could restore to you some portion of your faded beauty!

I heard nothing but the last part of the sentence—"my faded beauty!" What! do you mean to affront me, Sir?

How many sweet ideas do you recall to my mind!

Bah!

How many pleasures do I recollect at the sight of you!

Of me!

Permit me but one kiss . . . one only kiss!

Why not several—a thousand? cries my new acquaintance; and, saying this, she runs up to, and embraces me at the very instant I was about to salute the robe.

Amiable woman! exclaim I, relapsing into my reverie—Amiable woman! this robe is still precious!

How many fine compliments he pays me!

Yes, it still preserves the shape of your charming waist!—my imagination becomes exalted! my blood begins to boil!

What! with a kiss?

A devouring fire consumes me!

Ah! that is very bad indeed.

Thus, as we are told, consumed the valiant Hercules, when he put on the fatal robe of Dejanira!

All this, my pretty little fellow, is perhaps very fine; but I do not understand a single word of it.

Here, Fanchette . . . here is some more money for you:—Be kind enough to go and bring me a hackney coach: you shall accompany me in it to the Luxembourg; and when you leave me, I shall present you with a few more crowns for your trouble; but, above all things, make haste, and do not say a single word to any body.

I promise to obey you, *'pon honour!*—I love you dearly; for you speak to me like a *printed book*; every thing is very fine, and I don't understand a word on't.

She had not been gone above five minutes, when I heard a key turn in the lock:—judge of my terror and surprise, when, on the door being opened, I beheld a stranger enter, who, with an air of familiarity asked me how I did, without looking at me, and then threw his hat and cane upon the bed. His legs seemed unable to support him—he reeled from side to side, and displaced all the moveables that hap-

pened to be within his reach. His mouth was opened with difficulty—his tongue articulated his words with great labour—his teeth chattered in his head!

He now takes a chair, and sits down by my side—Rising in a minute or two, after a few preparatory oaths, he exclaims, Are you not astonished, Fanchette, that I did not return last night? . . . I have been at the *Hotel d'Angleterre* . . . There was a world of good company, by G-d—and all so quiet! . . . There was but one quarrel, d-n-me, during the whole time!—only one man killed! . . . and such play! . . . The English lose their money with great good nature! . . . I am not tipsy, however . . . d-n-me! . . . what do you say, Fanchette?

At these words he approaches in order to embrace me; but unfortunately slipping his foot, he falls against the window, and breaks three, or four panes of glass. At length he rises, comes still closer to me, and for some minutes looks me full in the face, with an air that would have greatly amused me at any other time.

It is surely you, d-n-me! continues he.  
 . . . . . This is your chamber  
 . . . . . this your holiday-gown!  
 . . . . . By G-d I am a

little tipsy ! . . . But . . . your eyes are black, and yet these are blue, c--se me ! . . . little, and these are large, d--n me ! . . . I am at home, that's clear ; but that don't signify, d-n me ! . . . You are my mistress, and I am your lover !

He now approaches me once more ; I instantly fall back—he follows me ; I repulse him—he takes hold of me ; I make use of a menacing gesture—he gives me a blow ; I return him two—he takes hold of my feathers ; I seize him by the hair !

He now falls over, and I fall along with him—the Chevalier de Faublas, extended upon the floor, rolls in the dust, from one end of the room to the other, with the vile companion of a public strumpet !

My dress was so very incommodious, that my adversary had great advantage over me in this point ; nevertheless, I had the superiority in many others, for I defended myself from his blows with great calmness, and without uttering a word ; while the fellow, who swore like a trooper, made a prodigious noise, and, without putting himself on his guard, strove only how to assail me. I was, however, unable to disengage myself from him ; and, very luckily for me, the neighbours, who were alarmed at the noise, rushed in at this

critical moment. Charmed at such an excellent opportunity of getting rid of their odious fellow-lodgers, they began by loading us with blows and imprecations—they then separated, carried us down stairs, and delivered us up to the guard, which one of them had called.

Two soldiers instantly hand-cuff my companion—other two approach, and take hold of me—the people shout after, the children follow, and mock me!

At the end of the street, I pass in triumph through the midst of the officers of the police, who did not expect to find, under such pompous clothes, and in such honourable company, the religieuse whom they were in search of!—But how many alleys had we to pass on foot!—how much was that habit, which I hoped to restore to its pristine splendour, disfigured with dirt!—how many gross compliments did I receive in the course of my journey—with what brutality was I dragged along by my uncivil conductors!—Ah! poor women! may Heaven preserve you from ever falling into the hands of the police of Paris!

May Heaven also preserve you from the commissary!

A justice of the peace, affecting the manners of a judge, condemned, without deigning to hear us! . . . A thick-

scull'd corporal recounted facts of which he was entirely ignorant; his fellow soldiers attested particulars that they had never seen; several bye-standers swore that I was a woman of the town; the expeditious clerk, who scarcely comprehended the business, recorded every item; made out the conviction, even before he had deigned to inform himself whether we had any thing to say in our own defence; and the following judgment, from which there was no appeal, was instantly pronounced from this humane tribunal—"The profligate is to be carried to the *hotel de la force*—the strumpet to St. Martin's."

To St. Martin's!—It is but too true that I was sent there—It is but too true that one of the most forward young men in the capital, that he who had so often proved himself the superior of so many full-grown men, that he whose feats of gallantry still occupied the conversation of the metropolis, in short, that the Chevalier de Faublas, proclaimed a woman of the town by a public sentence, perceived himself about to be shut up in a kind of *chapel of ease* to an hospital, until that day when the lieutenant of the police should find leisure to order him to be transported, along with a hundred prostitutes, to a larger prison!

But why did I permit myself to be

dragged to this frightful jail?—Would not the confession of my sex to the commissary have produced a variety of questions, which it would have embarrassed me greatly to have answered? With money and address might I not force the gates of St. Martin much easier than those of the Bastile? . . . Nay I ought above all things to make haste to go there—a single moment's delay might effect my ruin.

In the *Faubourg Saint Marceau*, become once more the theatre of my glory and my misfortunes, a thousand accidents might discover the traces left by the Chevalier de Faublas. Let me call some friends to my succour: . . . friends!

. . . I have not any but acquaintances at Paris. . . . Rosambert! . . . .

Ah! Rosambert played me a very scurvy trick; and, besides, he is now in the country. Derneval is at a still greater distance. . . . Madame de B — is not

perhaps arrived: . . . besides, how shall I be able to inform her of my situation, without involving her in my disgrace? . . . . My friend, my sweet-

heart, my wife! . . . . shall I send to her? No. . . . Duportail, who is in the capital has doubtless surrounded his daughter with his emissaries;—he might intercept my letters, and once more carry



off my Sophia! . . . But there is the Vicomte de Valbrun!—It is not to the house where I met him that I ought to direct my letters, and I do not know where his *hotel* is: I can enquire, however, and write to the Vicomte.

What I have compressed, gentle reader, into thirty lines, I might have dilated into as many pages, for I can assure you that they contain the result of two long hours reflections; but because I was unhappy in my own mind, is that any reason why I should make you miserable also? I am not ignorant that it is the custom among authors to blot as much paper as possible, merely with an intention to swell a volume; but this mercantile species of calculation is entirely beneath a man of my quality. Is a nobleman, who pretends to be a man of learning, to calculate like a plebeian book-maker? Such a circumstance would be entirely unexampled!

## CHAP. V.

*Some account of the manner in which our hero was relieved from St. Martin's—He meets the Vicomte de Valbrun—Madame de Fenrose forms a scheme in order to secure him from the pursuit of the officers of the police—He is introduced to a Nobleman's family as a companion to his lady—A dissertation on Charades—The dangers arising from Philosophy.*

BUT let us return to St. Martin's. I had been reflecting upon my situation nearly two hours, as I have already mentioned, when a person called out, "Fanchette!"

Seized with a sudden fear, it was with great difficulty that I could prevail upon myself to go to the wicket. There I perceived a well-dressed lady, who, after surveying me with an air of disdain, ordered me, in an angry voice, to follow her.—The prison doors instantly fly open; my proud protectress ascends her carriage with great gravity, and makes me understand, by an inclination of her head, that I might sit down in the back part of it. I obey;

we then depart; and I address myself to the stranger thus :

How many thanks, Madam, am I indebted to you for--

You owe me none, says she, interrupting me: it is true that I have taken you from that *charming school*, where, all things considered, you would not perhaps have been misplaced ; but it is not to oblige you, I assure you.

In the mean time, Madam--

In the mean time, *Mademoiselle*, I beseech you to listen to me.

Why do you refuse my grateful homage ?

Good Heavens ! does the creature attempt to make compliments ? I am not fond of them, *Mademoiselle*, I assure you :

. . . Let us talk no more together, I beseech you !

A silence of some minutes now ensued, during which I began to consider who this unpolite deliverer could be, what this new adventure could possibly lead to, and what was to become of me.

The lady, who but a short time before had commanded me to be silent, now ordered me to speak.

Can you read ? says she.

A little, Madam.

And write also?

Much in the same manner.

Can you dress?

Do you mean ladies?

Yes, undoubtedly, *Mademoiselle*:—but do you not know that it is improper for a person in your situation to question me?

The carriage stopped soon after at a very elegant hotel; and the fair unknown, after desiring me to alight, conducted me into a charming apartment, in which I found M. de Valbrun.

Your most humble servant, my dear Faublas, says he, at the same time embracing me—Are you not highly flattered with the zeal evinced by Madame the Baroness de Fonrose in your behalf?

Ha! I have made *your dear Faublas* exceedingly uneasy, cries she, with a loud laugh—Ask him what he thought of me? ask him if I have not already commenced that vengeance which my sex owes him? Gentle Chevalier! adds she, turning round to me at the same time, you must not harbour any malice against me—you ought to consider me merely as a fairy, who came on purpose to snatch you away from the dominion of an enchanter; and in order to prove your gratitude to me, approach and kiss my hand with respect. I instantly obey the baroness, and return her

a thousand thanks for her kind and generous intervention ; and then addressing myself to the Vicomte—M. de Valbrun, say I, let us be gone.

Be gone ! to where ?

To see Sophia !

Is Sophia in Paris ?

In this very quarter ; at the convent of — street.

So much the better ; but pray moderate your impatience for a little, and listen to me—I must inform you what I have already done, and take measures with you in regard to what we should hereafter do.

I ought to begin by assuring you of my eternal gratitude.

Are you anxious to convince me of it ?

Most undoubtedly.

Very well, do me the pleasure to hear me then.

With all my heart ; but let us be gone first.

What petulance !—for Heaven's sake listen to me.

My Sophia—

We shall speak of her presently.—In the middle of the last night, I returned to the apartments in which I left you, according to my promise. Justine recounted every thing that occurred, and made me exceedingly uneasy on your account. Not

knowing what would become of you, and anxious to remain in a situation where I might be able to give you some assistance, if there should be any occasion for it, I determined to remain there all night. Justine, who appears to me to love you exceedingly, was continually at the window which looks into the street. At two different times during the morning, she thought she could discover you under two different disguises. About three hours ago, she cried out, that the guard was carrying you off; and that she recognized you much the more readily, as the robe in which you were dressed had once belonged to Madame la Marquise de B—. I instantly ordered a faithful servant to mingle in the crowd that followed you, and instructed him to come back instantly, and inform me what had become of you. On his return, I was equally enchanted and surprised at hearing that a *gloomy* sentence had sent the pretended Fanchette to the dungeons of St. Martin. I instantly ran to Madame Fonrose's house—

And as for me, says she, interrupting him, I could not refrain from interesting myself in behalf of a young man like the Chevalier de Faublas. I instantly drove to the *hotel de police*; and you know what

a prompt use I made of the mandate that procured your liberty.

Madam, receive once more my most grateful thanks.

M. de Faublas, rejoined the Viscount, hear me out.

Sophia expects me!

We shall soon speak of her; in the mean time listen to me. While the Baroness went to solicit the *lieutenant de police* in your behalf, I returned to the *Fauxbourg St. Marceau*, in order to pick up some information: I did not hear a single word concerning Dorathea—no one talked about any other person than the Chevalier de Faublas!

What! already?

Need you be astonished at this circumstance? The declaration of a certain sister, of the name of Ursula, who pretended to have been ill-treated by the people who carried off the *religieuse*, proved nothing against you:—but that which discovered all was the deposition of a person of the name of Flourvac, who affirmed, that he was attacked in the square leading to the magnetiser's by a young man, in his shirt, with a drawn sword in his hand; the resistance too of Madame le Blanc to the officers of the police, who rather chose to

have the door of her apartment broke open, than to permit them to enter peaceably; in short, the deposition of the true Fanchette, who had been interrogated, and had confessed every thing, were so many circumstances that led to a discovery.—The coincidence of all these extraordinary events had betrayed you, and the most astonishing adventures have been laid to the charge of the most astonishing young man in existence! By this time, perhaps, the officers of the police have gone to St. Martin's, in order to transfer you to the Bastille. Madame de B— will undoubtedly be very uneasy; but she is on exceedingly good terms with the minister. Only take care that you are not discovered, and I shall be very easy as to every thing else. The friends of the Comte de G—, who was killed by one of your seconds, are exceedingly desirous of vengeance:—but I have friends also; I enjoy some degree of credit, and perhaps we shall be able to stifle this business entirely. In the mean time—

In the mean time I will go in search of my Sophia, did perdition stare me in the face!

You will only bring on your own ruin, without contributing to her deliverance.

. . . If you dare to stir but ten yards



from this house, you will be arrested. It is not to be doubted but that all the most vigilant spies appertaining to the police are in search of you at this very moment : for heaven's sake, therefore, wait for a few days !

A few days ! every day is an age.

Would you find them less tedious in a state prison, where you would be deprived of even the hope of seeing your mistress again ?

She is my wife, M. le Vicomte !

If what you tell me be true, Chevalier, I felicitate you !

Very true, Madam, I assure you ;—a person may search a long time before he finds a person who merits so much love and affection, or one more worthy of the tenderness and respect of her husband.

Chevalier, replies the Vicomte, permit me—

One who—

For Heaven's sake, let us come to a determination !—our time is precious . . . Consider that your affair, as things now stand, may be made up ; but that if you are once a prisoner, I cannot be responsible for any thing. Chevalier, have you reflected upon this subject ?

You behold me, Vicomte, penetrated with the most lively gratitude in regard to

you ; in more happy times I shall not have less, but I shall then be able to express myself better ; and, by way of giving you the most ample proof of it, I intend to be entirely governed by your counsels ; regulate my conduct, M. Valbrun—I promise to obey you.

I cannot, Chevalier, offer you an asylum at present in my house, as you will most assuredly be searched for there.

Gentlemen, says the Baroness, it is late ; let us begin by dressing this poor Fanchette, whose clothes seem to be in the utmost disorder. After that has been accomplished, we will repair to the parlour ; and during dinner, each of us, in our turns, shall think on the best means to be adopted in order to save this amiable cavalier, the friend of all wives, and the lover of his own.

At the first sound of the bell, a *femme de chambre* made her appearance, who was dismissed the moment she had dressed my hair. The Baroness, aided by the Viscount de Valbrun, assisted me in putting on a handsome gown, for which I resigned the elegant dress formerly worn by the Marchioness, and now sullied for ever !

When my *toilette* was finished, we sat down to dinner. The Baroness, during the whole time of dinner, seemed to be in a

profound reverie. She at length broke silence by a loud fit of laughter. The Vicomte demanded the cause of this sudden gaiety?

I have found, says she, *a place* for this *young woman*, which will suit her most admirably in every point of view.

A place! exclaims the Vicomte.

Yes, a place—a kind of *factotum* female place—She shall be companion, secretary, and reader to Mad. de Lignolle!

What! to the little Countess?

Yes.

A companion to the little Countess!

Why do you laugh? You know she stands in need of one; and the one I am now about to recommend to her, will be as good as any other.

But think of M. de Lignolle!

M. de Lignolle!—M. de Lignolle is one of the worst men I have known for a long time. One of my most intimate friends reproaches him with certain wrongs . . . those wrongs which a woman never pardons. Mademoiselle Duportail, adds the Baroness, turning towards me—Mademoiselle Duportail, I intend to put my little Countess under your protection; she is both young and handsome, a little too wild, and lively and capricious to excess. But she is profoundly ignorant—as ignorant as a vir-

gin! At her time of life, she avoids company; nobody ever meets her any where, and very few people visit her at home. I know very well that her stupid husband is not sorry at this economical kind of life; but it is not to please him that she lives in this manner, for she commands in every thing! M. de Faublas, I charge you to form this young lady; without your care and attention, she will never be able to appear in society.

Ah! my Sophia! *Madame la Baronne*, my Sophia!

Yes, yes, your Sophia, no less fortunate than dangerous rogue! if public rumour has not deceived me in respect to your character and your talents, Sophia, who is now absent, will never be able to save the Countess! I shall only say two words to you concerning her husband; he is a dull, phlegmatic man; he is tall, fat, and ill-made; he might have been handsome in his time, but he never had any expression in his countenance. I have been told that a number of women have endeavoured to captivate him; but that no one was ever lucky enough to succeed. This nobleman has consecrated his life to the muses; he is one of those numerous dignified wits, with whom Paris swarms; one of those learned men of quality, who ex-

pect to ascend the temple of fame, by means of a few rhymes published periodically in the newspapers. He will be passionately fond of you, if you but only declaim against modern philosophy, and take the trouble to discover his enigmas.

Ah ! exclaims M. de Valbrun, this is a portrait painted by the hand of a master ; I recognize the pencil of an offended woman.

Vicomte, replies she, I never told you that it was I who had occasion to be offended with him.

I now interrupt this conversation. Instead of living with the Countess, may I not act the part of a female elsewhere ? say I---Is it impossible for me to penetrate into Sophia's convent, in my present dress ?

Your danger is both immediate and extreme, replies the Vicomte.

Chevalier, says the Baroness, I am greatly interested in your fate ; and what you now say, inspires me with the idea of a project, the success of which is infallible. To-morrow---yes, I promise you that in the course of to-morrow I shall go to Sophia's convent, in order to enquire if there is not an apartment---

For a young widow of your acquaintance, whom you will bring the day after, Is not that what you mean, my dear Madam ?

The day after!---No . . . not until the end of the week.

O my Sophia!

Do not frisk about in that manner, you will burn your head dress, by means of the candle.

Madame, says the Vicomte, something must be done instantly, for it is now getting late. Pray, do you think that Madame de Lignolle would receive a companion into her house this very night?

That, Sir, I shall make my business to see accomplished.

And will not M. de Lignolle oppose such an instance of precipitation in regard to his lady?

You know very well that he has not a will of his own, when the Countess chooses to interfere; and you know also, that when once she has pronounced the fatal sentence, "It is my pleasure!" he is instantly silent. Come, let us be gone, Chevalier, adds she, you are to pass by the name of Mademoiselle de Brumont.

We accordingly depart. As I ascend the carriage, which was waiting for us at the door, I perceive that a trunk is tied on behind it, which, as the Baroness informed me, contained my clothes. I requested the Vicomte to come and see me at Madame de Lignolle's, on the next day; and

he faithfully promised to call upon me in the afternoon, in order to inform me what Madame de Fonroë had done in my behalf. I then whisper in his ear the following words:—I suppose that Madame de B— has returned by this time. Could not Justine see and bring me some news from her?

I will speak to her on purpose. But does Madame de B— still interest you?

No, not in the manner you allude to; no, upon my honour!—I am only impatient to know how she has been received by the Marquis.

M. de Lignolle was in company with his lady when we were announced. The Baroness, on introducing me to the Countess, addressed her as follows;—I beg leave to present this young lady to you; you will find in her all the qualifications necessary for the discharge of the employments with which you intend to honour her. She reads, writes, and converses extremely well; she is allowed to have made excellent use of her time; but that is her least merit—she has distinguished herself through life by the most pure morals, and the most chaste inclinations; she also possesses those solid talents which are but seldom to be found at her time of life, and more especially in a person endowed

with so much beauty. Do not think that I exaggerate, my dear Countess, for the moment you have formed an intimate friendship with her, you will discover a treasure, for the acquisition of which you will think yourself greatly indebted to me.

I thank you by anticipation, replies the Countess, and do not hesitate a moment to accept a person of your recommendation.

Many of my friends would be ambitious of having companions such as her, rejoins the Baroness; but I have ever been of opinion, that you deserve to have the preference; and more than this, as I ought to speak my mind freely to you, it is a present that I owe to Madame de Lignolle.

The Countess renews her compliments to the Baroness, and tells her that from this night—

From this night! exclaims the Count, interrupting her. Stop a little.

I will not stop a moment, Sir.

—But

None of your *buts*, Sir. It is now no less than three days since I asked for a companion; and if I wait any longer, I shall most assuredly fall sick.

But, Madam, your conduct will be thought ridiculous; the world—

What do I care for that, Sir?

Will blame you, Madam, for—



Here is one of your *sors*, with which you eternally pester me!—these words are always insupportable to me, more especially when you contradict me. From this very night, Sir, Mademoiselle shall—

But Madam, I beg leave to observe to you—

O! how ill I am!

I observe to you, that if—

The irritated Countess now assumes a fierce attitude, surveys M. Lignolle with a majestic look, and with a most imperious tone, exclaims, “It is my pleasure!”

O, if that be the case, replies the count, it must be so . . . But will not *Madame la Baroness* permit me to examine the lady a little; for people often talk of an excellent education, and God only knows what they mean by it!—I have seen a number of young men who have been vaunted as so many prodigies, who have carried away all the prizes at the university, and yet who are not capable of solving an *enigma*! .

Think then how they would have looked, had they been requested so have made one! . . . I doubt not, *Mademoiselle*, of your abilities . . . for . . . your person! . . . your manners! . . . What is your name, *Mademoiselle*?

De Brumont, Sir.

You are not a philosopher, I hope?

No, Sir; I am a gentlewoman!

Charming answer, *Mademoiselle*! . . .  
for if you had been a philosophic lady,  
we could not have dwelled in the same  
house together . . . we should never  
have agreed for a single moment . . .

You are of a good family, I suppose?

Sir, I am of a noble one.

Better! still better!—I am much given  
to observation, and I have ever remarked  
that the nobility in general possess incli-  
nations more generous, talents more esti-  
mable—

Yes, *M. le Comte*, . . . a sensibi-  
lity more exquisite, and morals less corrupt.

You reason admirably, *Mademoiselle*, I  
perceive that our minds sympathise won-  
derfully together. I beg leave to confess  
to you, that you have arrived at a most  
critical moment; when you were an-  
nounced, I was just employed in polishing  
the last line of a *charade*. . . I assure  
you it is a most excellent one; you seldom  
see any so good in the *Mercure*!\* . . .  
But, Madam, you must strive to unriddle  
it to me. Here it is!

While I was exhausting all my sagacity  
in useless researches, Madame de Fonrose

\* A periodical work published in Paris: it abounds with  
enigmas, charades, chansons, &c. &c.

launched a few secret glances at me; and M. de Lignolle, sometimes walking quick, sometimes stopping and staring me in the face, was wonderfully delighted with my uncertainty.

At length, by mere accident, I discovered the word so much sought after.

Ah, Baroness! you are in the right, exclaims the Count—this young lady is truly astonishing! she is one of the most accomplished women I have ever conversed with! She has unriddled my *charade*,—this very *charade*, the plan only of which cost me no less than five days meditation!—a *charade*, the style of which I have been polishing for nine successive days and a half . . . in short, I have changed the first verse no less than eighteen different times! . . . I made variations in it even during my sleep!

Voltaire used to dream of his works, Sir.

Ah, Mademoiselle, Voltaire was never able to compose a *charade*; and what is worse he was a philosopher!—But, to return to my poetry, what do you think of it?

Very excellent, indeed, Sir!

Truly?

A master-piece of its kind!

The second line gave me a prodigious

deal of trouble—I have exactly observed the antithesis—the poetry, I think, is rather above the common run of the *beaux esprits*—the thought I am sure is a good one—and as to the language, I was ever allowed to excel in that! . . . . But, Mademoiselle, I perceive you have a most excellent taste; and indeed you astonish me with the profundity of your judgment! . . . . When you have gained the confidence of the Countess (adds he in a low tone) endeavour to inspire her with a love for solid pursuits, like those which occupy your own mind; charge yourself with her instruction; teach her the noble art of composing *charades* and *enigmas*.

Ah, let me alone for that, M. le Comte; if I am but fortunate enough to discover the art of pleasing her, I shall teach her a number of things which she has perhaps but a very faint idea of at present, I assure you.

You will confer upon me, Mademoiselle, a real service, for which I shall always be most grateful. Every word you utter, proves to me that you are an amiable, learned young lady, and that you have not any thing of the philosopher in your composition.

But, to return to your *charades*, M. le

Comte; be so kind as to tell me how you compose them with such facility?

Most readily, Madam; for I love above all things to talk about poetry to a person who understands me. There are some people so very profound as to be able to produce the rhyme, the point, and the sense, all at one and the same time; so that they have nothing to do but to put their thoughts upon paper. This method, however, is not worth a button! Such verses always appear mechanical, and constantly smell of the lamp: this is the grand defect in our best modern poets. As for me, I lay it down as a rule never to make an alexandrine—my longest verses are those of eight syllables—as to the measure, I reckon it upon my fingers—the rhyme I find in Richelet—and in regard to the *point*, the witty concluding couplet, that contains the pith and marrow of the whole, I have only to think of it for eight or ten days!—and thus you see with what facility I compose. But, seriously, does my *charade* enchant you?

I am ravished with it.

Is there nothing you could wish to see altered?

Not a syllable.

Indeed, to speak frankly to you, I am

entirely of the same opinion; and I even think, that without any disparagement to my own reputation, I might print it.

Most assuredly, Sir!—and more than that, you may lay your account with experiencing the gratitude of the public.

On hearing this, the Count instantly seizes a pen, and writes upon a sheet of paper as follows:

### CHARADE.

“ Mon premier qu’anime le vent,  
 “ A la chasse se voit souvent;  
 “ Mon second en tout tems est propre,  
 “ Et mon tout est toujours mal-propre.”

Then repeating the four lines to me once more, he again resumes his pen; and beneath the word *mal-propre*, he affixes his signature in the following manner:

“ By M. Jean Baptiste Emmanuel Frederick Louis Chrysostôme Joseph, Count de Lignolle, Lord of —, and of —, and of —, and of —, Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment of —, in garrison at —, Chevalier of the royal and military order of St. Louis, — street, Hotel de —, Paris.”

What, sir, do you affix your names, your titles, and the place of your abode?

Yes, Mademoiselle, it is always the custom among people of quality.

I assure you that you will read this in the *Mercure* next Saturday morning.

The Count, whose head was quite giddy with the plaudits I had bestowed upon him, now turned round, and addresses himself to the Countess :

Madam, you may admit Mademoiselle de Brumont into your family . . . . This measure has my entire approbation ; . . . she is an extraordinary young lady, whose merits you cannot fail to discover.

I am very much flattered indeed, Sir, replies Madame de Lignolle, to find that you are entirely of my way of thinking ; but this business was fully arranged without your participation !

M. de Lignolle now advances towards me, and speaks, as follows, in a low tone of voice :

Mademoiselle de Brumont, I have something to say to you.

Pray, speak, Sir !

I cannot have the least doubt of your morals, because in the first place you are of noble descent, and in the next an enemy to philosophers ; but however prudent a young lady may be, she sometimes hears stories about gallantry, and repeats them again.

O fye, sir !

Good ! I see you comprehend me:—I desire that you may never hold such kind of conversation with the Countess:

That is not very easy to be avoided, sir ; for young women—

Yes—young women in general love to talk of a thousand fooleries, which hurt their tempers, and give them a false idea of the world !—I request you, above all things, to avoid this as much as possible.

Sir, I will be frank with you, I cannot altogether be answerable for—

Ha ! endeavour, however—I have good reasons for requesting this favour . . . Besides, you will not have much difficulty, as the Countess observes the utmost reserve on these subjects.

I am not at all sorry for it.

And besides, the books which she reads are of a choice kind—they are written on good, sound, moral subjects ; they do not afford much amusement, but they are exceedingly instructive. No romances ! for example—no romances ! for those cursed works are always full of love stories. . .

. . . Mademoiselle, with me love appears as detestable and dangerous a passion as philosophy ; for, give me leave, philosophy and love—

The Baroness, who rose at this critical moment in order to take her leave, in-



interrupted the count, and made me lose the very fine parallel which I was about to hear.

Mademoiselle, says Madame de Fonrose, addressing me with the air and manner of a protectress—I leave you with a very agreeable family, where every kind of happiness and pleasure awaits you. Recollect that from this moment you belong to Madame la Comtesse; that it is your business not only to execute her commands, but to anticipate her desires; and, in short, if you are even obliged in certain points, to disoblige Monsieur, it is your first duty to please Madame.—I think this will neither be a difficult nor disagreeable task to you; and it will be greatly to your honour to justify the very advantageous opinion I have conceived in respect to you: endeavour therefore to merit, as soon as possible, the gratitude of so charming a lady.

After having pronounced this sermon, my august patroness gave me a kiss on the forehead, and instantly departed.

As soon as she was gone, I besought the Countess to permit me to go to bed. M. de Lignolle insisted on my staying with them; but a single look from Madame instantly closed his mouth.

The Countess herself conducted me to the little apartment which she had destined for me: it was a kind of alcove at the

end of her own bed chamber. The Count several times wished me a good night, in a most affectionate tone of voice; and Madame de Lignolle, on giving me a kiss on the forehead, said with great vivacity;—Good night, Mademoiselle de Brumont! Contrive to get a sound sleep—*It is my pleasure* that it shall be so!—do you understand me?

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## CHAP. VI.

*A Soliloquy—The Chevalier writes to his Father—A dissertation upon the dangers of Philosophy, and the modern doctrines in behalf of the Rights of Man—Real evils infinitely more distressing than imaginary ones—An example of the justice of this observation.*

I AM now alone, and begin at length to breathe! for I find myself in a house where, in all human probability, my enemies will never think of coming in order to seek for me.

During the four last days, how many perils have environed me! how many adventures, misfortunes, and pleasures, have

I experienced during the last forty-eight hours! . . . . .

Pleasures!—pleasures at a distance from my Sophia?

Happily the space which now separates me from her is much diminished. More than sixty leagues were lately between us; at present, not above five hundred steps!—

. . . The same city incloses us; we breathe as it were the same air! . . . .

Alas! . . . why cannot I instantly rejoin her? Am I this night also to embrace her shadow only, in a deceitful dream?—and this night is she again to wet her solitary couch with her tears?

Valbrun, my dear Valbrun! come to me to-morrow, as you have promised me; for if you do not, I shall proceed there by myself;—notwithstanding the risk, I shall actually go to the convent, on purpose to demand my wife; I shall at least have the happiness of seeing her, the pleasure of recompensing her tender solicitude, and of consoling her grief! Yes, I shall go, in spite of the danger that accompanies the attempt; I shall despise the threats of all my enemies!—Yes, I shall be a thousand times too happy to repay, with my liberty, some moments of that supreme happiness, that ecstatic pleasure which the sight of her will produce!

I shall never lament my lot, if I be not stopped until my return.

Yes, I will depart; the countess shall not detain me . . . She is however very handsome . . . she is a pretty, lovely brunette! . . . very young!

. . . She possesses great vivacity . . . but she is of an imperious disposition!

. . . Ah! the little dragon! . . .

Is she witty? does she love her husband?

—What ideas does my ardent imagination always engender!—Did I demand the countess's permission to retire, on purpose to occupy my mind with such trifles as these?

O my father! be happy in possessing a son who loves you—it was in order to converse with you, that Faublas left a handsome woman!—and Faublas is never so well pleased as when he is writing to you concerning his misfortunes!—I cannot here dispense with inserting the whole of this tender and respectful letter:

“ My dear Father,

“ Perhaps at this moment you are accusing me of cruelty and ingratitude. I left you in that asylum which you had chosen expressly on my account; but you are unacquainted with the passion that consumed a heart which you yourself

have inspired with too much sensibility; you cannot however be ignorant of the deadly, the fatal blow it received from a man who called himself our common friend.

“On leaving you, my dear father, I proposed speedily to return; and then the chagrin which my absence must have occasioned, would have been soon effaced.

“My wife groaned in captivity; like me she deplored the moments of our separation, and was about perhaps to be reduced to all the horrors of despair.

“It is true, that, at a distance from you, I exist but by halves;—but I am not able to exist at all, at a distance from my Sophia!

“I learned she was at Paris;—I instantly flew to that capital. I did not bid my father adieu, because he would not have permitted me to brave the dangers of such a journey. Not one of the many misfortunes I anticipated, has occurred to me; but I have experienced more than one danger, of which I never dreamed. Although I have been in the metropolis for three whole days, this is the first moment of my liberty: I consecrate it to him who would constitute all my happiness in this world, if my Sophia were no longer in existence!

“I request, that you will repair to Paris;

you cannot dread any dangers except those which menace me, and in a very short time I myself shall have none of which I can have any occasion to be afraid. I have already acquired several powerful friends, who, when united to yours, will, I trust, hush up my unfortunate affair.

“ Besides this, I hope in three days at farthest to be able to procure a retreat, in which my safety will be assured. Return here, I request you. O how happy will that day be, when the Chevalier de Faublas and his wife, prostrating themselves at your feet, will embrace their dearly beloved father !

“ Until I enjoy this felicity, deign to write me a few words, in order to tranquilize my mind relative to you. My address is ——— My dear father, think of my joy !—your answer will find me in the convent of my Sophia !—For Heaven’s sake, write immediately, my father, write immediately.

“ I am, with the most profound respect,

“ Yours, &c.

“ FAUBLAS.”

“ P. S. I have not yet been able to see my dear Adelaide ;—I shall send to her convent, as soon as it is in my power.”

Now that I have sealed my letter, and put M. de Belcour's address upon the back of it, shall I be permitted to examine my little apartment?

This door leads into the Countess's bed-chamber;—that other? to a secret staircase that descends into the court. My apartment is very commodious!

If, during the night, it should come into my head to pay a visit to Madame de Lignolle! . . . How came this idea into my mind? . . . Be tranquil, my Sophia!—Does M. de Lignolle sleep with her?—What is that to me?—I can have no interest in that matter!—it is merely curiosity!—Yes, but that torments me, and I am anxious to know whether they sleep apart or not!—I see but one bed in her chamber; but it is a large one—How shall I discover this circumstance?—*Parbleu!* let me watch awhile, and then look through the key-hole—that is a good idea!—But it is now only seven o'clock;—they do not sup before ten, nor retire before midnight!—Am I to wait five long hours by the clock?—I shall die of mere fatigue!

My charming wife!—my mind was occupied about nothing else than you; and the proof of this is, that I am now going quietly to bed!

I did so instantly, and I slept so soundly that Madame de Lignolle was under the necessity of sending to awake me next morning, in order to be present when she rose.

How have you passed the night, Mademoiselle de Brumont? says she, with her usual vivacity.

Exceeding well; and, Madam, how are you?

I have had but a very poor night's rest!

Madame's eyes are however brilliant, and her cheeks have all the freshness of a rose.

I assure you that I have slept very badly, replies she, with a smile.

That is perhaps the fault of M. le Comte

How so, Mademoiselle?—Pray tell me what you mean?

Madam—

Explain yourself! for I am determined to know.

I beseech you, Madam, to receive my excuses; I may perhaps have displeased you by this pleasantry, which I assure you is a very innocent one.

I am not at all displeased, but I am quite impatient—It is my will—I insist upon knowing instantly what you mean.

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I obey you, Madam! It is true that the Count is upon the eve of his fiftieth year; but *Madame la Comtesse* is, as I understand, very young!

I am sixteen years of age.

It is true that M. le Comte appears to be in a very feeble state of health—but *Madame la Comtesse* is handsome!

You are very polite, Mademoiselle de Brumont! but let us return to what you were speaking about.

Most willingly. It is true that M. le Comte is the husband of *Madame*; but *Madame*, if I am not mistaken, has not been long married to him, I believe—

But two months.

I conclude from all this, that M. de Lignolle, still in love with his charming spouse, has—

Has—what?

Paid a visit to Madame during the night.

No, Mademoiselle—no—I assure you that he never comes to me during the night!

Oh, very well!—but you, perhaps, sat up very late together yesterday evening, and the Count may have been teasing you.

Teasing me!—and for what?

Why—why—I only allude to those

caresses which are permitted between husband and wife !

What, is that all?—and do you think that I should not sleep soundly during the night, merely because my husband may have embraced me five or six times in the course of the preceding evening?—I know not how it happens, but all the world are talking to me in this singular manner!

Having spoken thus, the Countess, accompanied by her *femme de chambre*, went into an adjoining closet, telling me at the same time that she would return in a few minutes.

Being now left alone, I began to reflect on the conversation which we had together :

This woman astonishes me! say I: Does she amuse herself at my expence?—No—she seems to speak very seriously ; she has an air of innocence, a tone of candour ! What then am I to conclude?—Can a young lady, two months after her marriage, be as much unacquainted with *certain things* as two months before? The equivocal answer of—*What ! and do you think that I should not sleep soundly during the night, merely because my husband may have embraced me five or six times in the course of the preceding evening!*—astonished me not

a little. *Madame la Comtesse*, how am I to understand you?—I acknowledge that in my turn I am bewildered: I avow that I am unable to [reconcile your situation as a newly-married woman, your airs of virginity, and your discourse too innocent or too loose, together!

Madame de Lignolle returned soon after, dressed in a very simple but elegant *dis-habille*; she then passed into her dressing room, and having desired me to follow her, ordered some chocolate.

We had just sat down to breakfast, when M. de Lignolle bursts into the room, nearly out of breath, exclaiming with great rage:

No! no! no! I will not pardon it; I will be for ever inexorable!

My God, cries the countess, what a passion! I have never seen you in such a rage before . . . . . What is the matter?

A most frightful circumstance, Madam! How? what?

The greatest of all possible misfortunes! Tell me, Sir.

I am quite terrified!

Tell me instantly—or—

A monster has found his way into our house, in order to conspire our ruin!

Is it possible?

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If it had not been for me—unless for the accident that occasioned the discovery —you—

Me! what?

You would perhaps have been ruined, Madam!

Ruined, Sir?

The wretch would have ravished from me my property!

Your property?

Your honour!

My honour?

Last night you slept in tranquillity, and yet a seducer was near you!

A seducer?

Henceforth do not trust to those who call themselves your friends.

But I do not comprehend a single word of all this.

It is your pretended friends that have thus deceived you.

What! Who?

Who have answered for—

Sir!

The prudence—

Will you at length explain—

Of their conduct—

Oh! I shall lose all patience!

The count, whom I now anxiously survey, far from addressing any of those injurious apostrophes, which his passion dic-

tated, directly to me, did not even look at me, and perhaps was ignorant that I was in the room. Notwithstanding this, some of his unfortunate reflections seemed to be so very applicable to my present situation, that I was very far from being at ease.

His wife, at length, boiling with impatience, rises all of a sudden, seizes her astonished husband by the collar, and shaking him with all her might, addresses him as follows :

You have put me beside myself, Sir ! It is wonderful, that for more than an hour last past, you should have thus sported with my curiosity—

Gently, gently, Madam, for God's sake !—you will strangle me.

Explain then, explain yourself instantly !

Madam, do you mean to tear my *robe de chambre* ?

Explain yourself, Sir !—It is my pleasure !

Very well, Madam . . . . This then is the horrid fact . . . . .

I know not by what secret inspiration I was induced to enter your anti-chamber a few minutes since ; as I happened to cross it, I saw a book lying open upon a sofa ; I instantly approached, I began to read—It was a horrible book, Madame !

. . . the most dangerous, the most

abominable of all books! My God! . . . a philosophical book!

Let us see it!

Here it is! "*Le discours sur l'Origine de l'Inegalite parmi les Hommes.*"\*

Being now entirely easy on my own account, I instantly took the liberty of interrupting M. de Lignolle, and of testifying my surprise to him!

What, M. le Comte, do you term "*Le Discours sur l'Inegalite*," an abominable work?

Yes, Mademoiselle, and very badly written.

Badly written! it is one of the greatest works of the greatest of our writers.

The greatest! No, Mademoiselle, Jean Jacques Rousseau is less pure and less correct than M. de Buffoon.

Penetrated with respect, Sir, for the rare talents of these two great men, I prostrate myself before them, and am silent. But if ever I, a humble disciple of both, were to assume consequence enough boldly to decide which of these masters I ought most to admire, I should most assuredly award the prize of eloquence to Jean Jacques.

\* An Essay on the Origin of the Inequality among Mankind.

Mademoiselle, the naturalist wrote infinitely better . . . . The works of Rousseau are full of inequalities; and these were occasioned by his imitations of the style, at once emphatic and trivial, of the author of "*Pensées Philosophiques*."

Jean Jacques imitate Diderot! Ah, sir!

All that you say may be very good, exclaims the countess, interrupting us; but I am desirous of knowing what connexion there is between the honour of a lady and the treatise on the "*Inequality among men*?"

Do you ask what connexion there is? cries the count, with great warmth:—do you not perceive it? What! shall a philosophical work be read publicly in my house!—are all my lacqueys to become philosophers, and you not tremble?

But what consequence do you deduce from this, Sir?—What would occur if all this were to take place?

Disorders of every kind, Madam! The moment that a footman becomes a philosopher, he corrupts all his fellow-servants, robs his master, and seduces his mistress!

O fye, Sir!

Therefore I am determined to turnaway every domestic who frequents the anti-

\* "*The Thoughts of a Philosopher*," by Diderot.

chamber, where this cursed book was deposited.

What, sir! will you dismiss all our servants?

Yes, Madam.

I do not understand this—If one of them can be proved to be guilty of this charge, dismiss him—I consent to it.

I shall dismiss them all, Madam!

No, Sir! you shall not.

They are all undone—every one of them—In one single half-hour a philosopher is capable of corrupting a thousand worthy people.

A philosopher! Sir.

Yes, Mademoiselle; a philosopher is like a plague in a large city—like the scurvy in an hospital—like—

My people shall remain!

A scholar with the itch in a college—a glandered horse in a stable!

Finish your comparisons, sir, and do not stun me thus.

Yes, yes; I must acknowledge that when I see "*Les Pensées Philosophiques*," "*Le Discours sur la Vie heureuse*," "*Le Discours sur l'Origine de l'Inégalité parmi les Hommes, &c. &c.*" in the hands of any, of any of my domestics, I am instantly seized with a certain degree of terror and no.



longer think myself in safety in my own house.

In the mean time, the Countess, furious to see that M. de Lignolle, without doubt for the first time, dared to disobey *her*—the impatient countess throws herself into an arm chair. There, yielding herself up entirely to her fury, she strikes the ground with her feet, bites her nails with her teeth, and at length bursts into tears.

Wholly insensible to her despair, the enemy of philosophers and of philosophy continues as follows ;

How many unfortunates of this class have been perverted by the philosophy of the age!—it has occasioned more crimes and suicides than ever misfortune and misery have produced. I might, perhaps, at the very moment I condemned his opinions, and bewailed his errors, become the friend of a man who was the partisan of this false philosophy ; but nothing in the world could induce me to keep philosophical footmen.

Sir, exclaims the countess with a certain degree of fierceness, you shall keep them, notwithstanding all this ; for, *it is my pleasure!*

At this decisive phrase, the good natured husband instantly forgets his temporary anger, and replies, with great moderation ;

Since it is your pleasure, Madam, it is also necessary that it should be mine; but at least permit me to make a few observations—

Do pardon me, excuse me, sir!

Very well, madam, said he, shaking his head, and re-assuming by degrees his comical indignation—very well, it shall be as you say—you shall have your way; but you will see, you will see the end of all this. You constantly refuse to be lighted by the *flambeau* of my experience; but all your people will now afford you lessons enough. . . . There is not a single one of them, I am sure, but is already a philosopher in his heart; consequently your footmen will become drunkards, negligent, insolent, unsteady; your groom will lame your horses; your coachman will drive over the passengers; your cook will spoil your sauces; your *maitre d'hotel* will spoil your furniture; your steward will rob you; your *femme de chambre* will calumniate you, and betray your secrets; your female companion will be got with child in your house! and, madam, you yourself will read these horrid books; you yourself will read them in bed, and some night you will set the *hotel* on fire . . . and all this merely be-

cause the cursed Jean Jacques entered into my anti-chamber! . . . But it does not signify! continues he ;} (with a sigh) it does not signify! I wash my hands of all this! . . . Your servants shall remain . . . but when the misfortunes which I have predicted arrive . . . you will then come to me . . . you will then weep . . . you will then confess that I was in the right . . . and as for me, I shall say, so much the better! so much the better! so much the better! for it was your pleasure that it should be so.

He now retired; and it was exceedingly lucky that he did so, for I should have been extremely unhappy to have laughed in his face.

While the husband had been busied in auguring future and imaginary evils to us, a real and immediate one had actually occurred:—the chocolate was become cold! The countess wished it to be sent down to the kitchen, in order to be warmed; but as I trembled lest it should not come back (for be it remembered, that I had ate but very little during the last twenty-four hours), I immediately returned it into the pot, and placed it upon the fire with my own hand.

Madame de Lignolle praised my ala-

crity, and told me, that she should dictate; and I write a letter, until it could be warmed.

This letter was intended for a dearly beloved aunt, who had educated her, and brought her up.

The first thirty lines were entirely occupied with compliments, to which we added twenty lines of tender recollections, and twenty-five lines of secrets! I thought we never should have finished! Shocked at the idea of being obliged to begin the fourth page of this terrible long epistle, I took it upon myself to observe to the countess, that the chocolate must be warm by this time.

I believe it to be so, says she in reply; but pray let us finish our business first.

In order to add to my sorrow, an unfortunate chamber-maid, so exceeding ugly that I was unable to look a second time in her face, continued to go backward and forward to the chimney. There was something so very *philosophical* in the general appearance of this female, that I began, as it were by instinct, to tremble for my breakfast: a secret presentiment informed me before-hand of her want of address, and her continual motions kept me in perpetual distraction.

Madame de Lignolle, whose letter did

not seem to advance towards a conclusion, having at length perceived my ill-disguised uneasiness, asked me, in rather an ill-natured tone of voice, if I was not chagrined at something? At the very instant the impatient mistress put this question to me, the maid, with the tail of her gown, threw my devoted chocolate amidst the ashes! The moment I beheld the disaster, my pen dropped to the ground, my hands and eyes were turned towards heaven, my head was thrown backwards by means of a convulsive motion, and I was within an ace of falling over on the floor.

Ha! madam, exclaim I, the chocolate! the chocolate!—But the countess, after turning her eyes first towards the chimney, and next towards me, with an inconceivable degree of coolness, parodied the memorable reply of an hero,\* by saying:

“And very well Mademoiselle, what connexion is there between the chocolate and the letter I now dictate to you?”

Impelled by my despair, I answer boldly, “Indeed, madam, you seem to speak entirely at your ease; but I suppose that you supped last night!

This sympathetic vivacity did not dis-

please my new friend, who ordered one of her domestics to go into the kitchen and order another pot of chocolate to be got ready and brought up stairs. This order conveyed the balm of consolation to the very bottom of my heart. I instantly began to perceive my strength return, my ideas became more brilliant, and my style more animated; so that, with the aid of Madame de Lignolle, I contrived to conclude the letter, after saying an infinite number of fine things to her aunt.

The epistle being finished, I close the bureau, and behold the breakfast once more make its appearance. A little table is brought; two dishes are placed one opposite the other; the restoring liquid is poured forth; the countess sits down; I place a chair near to her . . . the happy moment approaches! . . . But, misfortune more insupportable than the first! . . . an unlucky footman brings a letter;—the countess examines the post-mark. Besancon! exclaims she; with a voice full of joy; and, rising up all of a sudden, she overturns the table, and all the breakfast into my lap.

The cry uttered by me did not proceed from the slight wound I received upon the occasion:—think of my sorrow and consternation, and believe me when I assure

you, that I did not lament the broken table, nor the shattered china, nor the bruised chocolate pot, nor even my best petticoat now rendered entirely useless!—no, I saw nothing, I thought of nothing, I lamented nothing, save and except the chocolate now running in rivulets upon the carpet.

While I remained motionless with grief, the countess, with her body inclined in a graceful bend, her eyes fixed upon the beloved paper, her hands trembling, and her heart palpitating, reads as follows :

“ You may easily conceive, my dear neice, after having taken so much pains with your education, how much I was shocked at not being able to be present at your marriage : but at length the parliament of Besancon has sat ; and having gained my law-suit, I am now about to set off, in order to embrace you : I shall arrive as soon as my letter ; I shall be at your house positively on the 15th inst.”

On the 15th ! that is this very day, exclaims the countess, and now kissing the letter, she continues, O good news !—O my dear aunt, I shall see you, I shall see you once more, and shall be happy !

At this very moment I perceive some of the remains of the breakfast under an arm chair :—I dart forward, I seize upon, I kiss them, and I exclaim ; “ O precious remem-

nant, now my only hope, my only comfort, I am enchanted at having found you !” Having said this, I get into a corner and devour my prey ; while Madame de Lignolle, by turns reading and kissing the letter, cuts capers from one end of her dressing room to the other.

At length she rings for a lacquey ; St. Jean, says she, tell the porter that I shall not be at home to any body the whole day but the Marchioness d’Armincour. Then turning round towards me, she adds ; Mademoiselle de Brumont, I called you up rather early this morning ; but you may now dispose of all the rest of the forenoon in any way most agreeable to yourself.

I made a profound reverence to the countess, and instantly shut myself up in my apartment.



## CHAP. VII.

*A dissertation on the superiority of natural over acquired talents—A most interesting conversation between an old lady and her neice—A visit from M. de Valbrun—Modern philosophers wrong in rejecting the doctrine of atoms—A curtain lecture—The Chevalier discovers his sex to the Countess—a fresh dissertation concerning charades—M. de Faublas does not entirely forget his Sophia.*

THE reader can already guess all that I said to my dear Adelaide, to whom I now sat down to write.

As soon as I had sealed up a very affectionate fraternal epistle, the ugly *femme de chambre*, whom I have mentioned before, immediately entered, on purpose to dress my hair, in compliance with her lady's orders.

“Ha!” say I, as she approaches, “may curses light upon that ugly, chocolate-coloured face, which made me lose my breakfast this morning!” The reader, who doubtless by this time knows that I am naturally polite, will easily imagine that I did not utter this good-natured wish in a

very loud tone of voice. He will also divine, perhaps, that, during the operation which now took place, I leaned my head forward, and shut my eyes!

I must, however, do justice to poor Jeannette:—out of favour with nature, she had recourse to art—she could dress with great taste; she handled her comb with uncommon dexterity, and her hand ran with equal celerity and lightness from one side of my head to the other. But how many acquired talents are necessary to counterbalance one natural gift! How much at this moment did I regret my poor Justine! with what adroitness would the little rogue have arranged my female finery!—I myself was obliged to undertake the difficult task of dressing myself from head to foot; and I am certain that I occupied more of my time and reflection upon this matter, than a provincial lady does on a Sunday morning, when she has decked herself out in all her finery, in order to accompany her grandmama to the parish church.

At length the clock struck four, and a domestic announced that dinner was served up; M. de Lignolle sent word that he was engaged to dine in the city. At table, the young countess overwhelmed her relation

with attention ; and the old aunt, in her turn, was prodigal of her compliments to me.

Their questions, often not a little embarrassing in their nature ; my answers, for the most part critically equivocal ; their credulity ; my confidence ; the praises with which I repaid their eulogiums ; these are particulars which perhaps merit to be recounted—but which I must be excused from narrating at present, because the reader is upon the eve of being entertained with matters of greater consequence.

After the cloth had been removed, the dessert served up, and the domestics retired, Madame d'Armincour turns round to Madame de Lignolle, and addresses her as follows :

I have been long impatient to speak to you about certain subjects ; and now that we are by ourselves, and have an opportunity, let us talk upon more essential and interesting matters. Are you happy in your marriage ? . . . content with your husband ?

Why—yes, *Madame la Marquise*, replies she.

What ! do you call me *Madame la Marquise* ? or do you think that I am to term you *Madame la Comtesse* in return ? This is very proper when there is com-

pany; but between ourselves! . . .  
 you are a child whom I have educated;  
 call me aunt, and I shall term you niece.  
 Answer frankly, do you think that you  
 shall soon present me with a little nephew?

I do not know, aunt.

That is to say, you are not sure.

I really do not know.

What! do you not perceive any alteration in your . . . Hem?—Have you no . . . Hem?

I do not really understand you.

My dear niece, Mademoiselle de Brumont need not make you bashful . . . she is older than you;—a girl of twenty years old however sage and prudent she may be, cannot be entirely ignorant of *certain things*.

Upon me honour, I do not comprehend you!

Do you think my questions indiscreet? I assure you they flow entirely from my affection for you.

No, no, I do not, proceed.

Hear me then, my child! . . .

You very well know, that if my opinion had been followed, you would never have been married to M. de Lignolle. I always thought him by far too old. A man of fifty years of age to espouse a girl of sixteen! . . . I remember that at

his time of life, M. d'Armincours was a poor creature ! But tell me sincerely, countess, does he fulfil his duty towards you ?

O yes ! M. de Lignolle does every thing that I wish.

Every thing that you wish ?

Yes, always ; every day in his life.

Every day in his life !—I felicitate you, my niece ! you are indeed happy !—but you ought to be careful, my dear . . . .

Of what, aunt ?

You ought to be more thrifty in respect to your husband.

How ?

How !—my niece do not you know that this is death at his time of life !

O Lord !—Death ?

Yes, doubtless, at his time of life there are certain fatigues from which men never recover . . . they become entirely exhausted.

Fatigues ?

Most assuredly ; and besides this, your ages are so very different, niece.

But what has age to do with it ?

Every thing, my dear ! So therefore be more prudent, and do not be the occasion of your husband's death.

My husband's death !

Yes, my dear, it is not uncommon to see old men die of it !

Of what?

Of that . . . .

I would not for the world be the occasion of M. de Lignolle's death!—but he must do whatever I choose; it is my pleasure! You laugh, aunt!

Yes, I laugh at your saying it is your pleasure that he should do whatever you choose!

What! do you think that I do not make him do what I like? Most certainly! When M. de Lignolle hesitates, I begin to grow angry . . . .

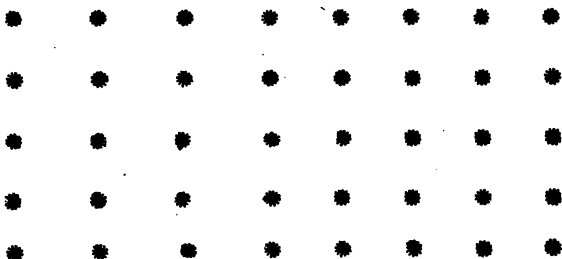
Ha! ha!

When he refuses, I command!

But does he obey?

Yes, yes, I force him to obey. He murmurs indeed, and frets, and . . . .

I see, my dear, that we do not comprehend each other—My hints are like so much Hebrew to you \* \*



While the aunt was thus interrogating the niece, I sat at a corner of the table, and could scarcely refrain from laughter. To the most plain and explicit questions, the other, with truth and innocence painted upon her countenance, had made such ingenuous, but at the same time such equivocal and extraordinary replications, that I began to suspect very strange things.

I now endeavoured to calm Madame d'Armincour, by speaking thus :—There is every reason to believe, Madam, that the Countess is not altogether happy in the sense which you allude to, and I am sure she is equally incapable of meriting and of comprehending your reproaches.

Do you believe so, Mademoiselle de Brumont; Very well, question her yourself, and see if you can bring this matter to an *eclaircissement*.

Will Madame la Comtesse permit? say I, addressing myself at the same time to the niece.

Most willingly, Mademoiselle.

Does M. de Lignolle ever sleep in the apartment of Madame la Comtesse?

No.

Never?

Never.

Does he ever enter it in the course of the night?

Never.

—Or the morning?

No.

—Or the day-time?

No.

Does he sit up along with Madame after supper?

About five or ten minutes perhaps.

And what does he employ those five or ten minutes in doing?

In bidding me a good night.

How?

By embracing me.

Embracing you!

Yes—he kisses my forehead, my eyes, and my chin, and wishes me a good night's rest.

Is this all?

All, upon my honour!—What would you have him do more?

And now, *Madame la Marchioness* (turning round to the aunt), what think you of all this?

I think (cries she) it is very frightful, and almost incredible!

Having said this, she pushes her chair on one side, runs up to Madame de Lignolle, and exclaims: Tell me—tell me instantly, niece, are you a wife or a maiden?

A wife assuredly, because I am married!

Are you actually married?

Most certainly! since M. de Lignolle has espoused me.



Are you sure, my dear niece, that ne  
has actually espoused you?

You know, my dear aunt, that we were married together in a church.

**And no where else?**

## Are people married any where else?

Tell me, my dear, on the night of your marriage . . . . .

. . . . . Ah !  
 I am sorry that I was not in Paris on that  
 night ! . . . . I distrusted this  
 same M. de Lignolle and his fifty years of  
 age ! . . . He always appeared to me  
 to be deficient in common sense . . .

But tell me once more, my dear child, what happened on the night of your . . . ?

Nothing.

Nothing! — Mademoiselle de Brumont  
nothing! Ah poor creature!

adds the kind aunt, at the same time bursting into tears—Poor dear creature! how much I pity you . . . . My charming niece, you never merited all this cruel conduct.

My God! aunt, you make me quite unhappy.

Poor child!—to remain still a virgin after two months marriage! what a cruel lot!

**Do, for Heaven's sake, explain yourself!**

I cannot, I cannot, my dear! I am nearly suffocated with grief . . . Mademoiselle de Brumont, do explain it to her—you express yourself on those subjects with so much facility—Explain to her how . . . . You are undoubtedly not so ignorant in these matters as she is? . . .

Almost, *Madame la Marquise* . . .  
I have indeed heard a good deal of talk  
on this subject, and I have read a few  
books . . .

O! I see you are very capable of conversing on this matter . . .

Will Madame *la Comtesse* permit me?

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the work.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete them.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the objectives are being met.

5. Finally, the fifth step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the effectiveness of the plan and identifying any areas for improvement or further action.

H 2

What ! exclaims Madame de Lignolle, astonished at what she now heard—What ! is it possible ? or do you but joke ?

I dare not take that liberty with you, Madam.

Good Heavens !—My dear aunt is it possible that all Mademoiselle de Brumont has just told me can be true ?

Very true my dear niece !—and that amiable young lady has explained the whole to you, with as much truth and justice as if she had done nothing else all the rest of her life.

And ought M. le Comte to have espoused me in this manner ?

Yes, my dear niece !—the Count has insulted you during two whole months.

Insulted me !

Yes ! do not you perceive it ?—To neglect your charms, is to outrage them ; it is saying, as it were, that they do not merit to be subjugated ; it is asserting that the flower is not worth the cropping ! . . . Of all the humiliations to which a poor young woman can be exposed, this is most certainly the greatest ! . . .

Good Heavens ! My dear aunt, do you not exaggerate ?

No—not at all ; enquire of Mademoiselle de Brumont . . . ask her opinion . . . As for me, I cannot think on the subject with any degree of patience.

On this I interpose . . . The conduct of M. de Lignolle is to me quite inexplicable . . . He acts as if you were disagreeable—disgusting . . . He seems to say you are ugly . . .

Ugly!—he tells a most impudent untruth :—I never conceal my face ;—every body sees that I—

—That you are mis-shapen !

Look at my waist ;—examine every part of me . . .

—That you have a monstrous large foot !

Look at it :—see, here it is . . .

—That you have a thick leg !

Here is my leg ! . . . I will untie my garter . . . and shew you the whole of it. . . .

I was quite pleased with the frank and decisive manner with which the Countess repelled the *pretended* calumnies of her husband. Curious to discover how far the just desire of an easy justification might carry this lively and vivacious woman, I add: . . . He seems to have suspected

that there was some hidden deformity in your person !

An expressive gesture made use of by *Madame de Lignolle*, a gesture as quick as her thoughts, announce to me that she was about to give at one and the same time a justificatory proof and a formal lie to this suggestion. *Madame d'Armincourt* also easily divined the design of the Countess ; and, unfortunately for me, who found it so very laudable, she ran up soon enough to prevent the entire execution of it.

—My dear child, says she, there is no manner of occasion for all this ; I who brought you up from your early infancy until now, have no occasion for such proofs . . . . As to the rest—you must not make yourself unhappy with your lot . . . . Your husband

Is an impudent liar ! . . . .

—Is perhaps not quite so culpable . . . .

An insolent . . . . !

—As we at first imagined . . . .

A coward ! . . . .

—Perhaps a long indisposition . . . .

Aunt, there is no indisposition of two months continuance !

—Or some domestic chagrin . . . .

Can there be any domestic chagrin at

tendant upon a man who has been but too lucky in espousing me?

—Or some great misfortune . . . .

Yes . . . . the progress of philosophy!

—Or some important business . . . .

The composition of charades! . . . .

But stop, my dear aunt; and make no more apologies for his base and perfidious conduct, for you but render me the more angry with him. . . . I am well aware of the baseness of his behaviour; and the moment he returns . . . . Hah! the moment he returns . . . . Let me alone . . . . I shall oblige him to explain:— He shall render me an account of his motives; he shall apologise for the outrage he has done me . . . . he shall espouse me instantly, or I will . . . .

While we were employed in this very extraordinary conversation, the evening began to approach, and I recollected an engagement. It was not without some difficulty, however, that I obtained the Countess's permission to retire. I instantly went and shut myself up in my chamber, where I did not wait long for the arrival of M. de Valbrun. The *Vicomte* informed me, that a trusty person, sent by Justine, had delivered my letter into the Marchio-

ness's own hand, and carried back the following answer:

"The news which you have brought me, give me great pleasure. I was very unhappy respecting the fate of the female you come from. Pray tell her that she may continue to inform me concerning the affairs of a certain person, about whom I am deeply interested. You may add, that M. de B\*\*\*, who at first received me very ill, has acknowledged all his wrongs, and at length has obtained my pardon."

M. de Valbrun also told me, that Madame de Fonrose had just gone to the convent in which Madame de Faublas was shut up, and that in a few hours he hoped to be able to communicate the success of her visit.

After returning a thousand thanks to the Vicomte, I entrusted him with my two letters, and requested him to send one to Adelaide's convent, and the other to the general post-office. This last letter was directed to M. de Belcour—alas, how much sorrow did it occasion!—He politely assured me he would charge himself with the two commissions, and then took his leave.

Let me now ask myself, why Mademoiselle de Brumont, without any other de-

terminated project than that of recovering Sophia, felt herself a little unhappy, on her return, at finding the old Marchioness along with the young Countess?—I beg leave also to ask, why the niece, often turning as it were with disgust from the aunt, was desirous of being left alone with me? . . . .

It is because those atoms, inhumanly rejected by our modern philosophers, actually exist; those sympathetic atoms, which all of a sudden parting from the burning bosom of a vigorous young man, and emanating at one and the same instant from the body of a female *adult*, search for, meet, and unite with each other, in order to amalgamate and form of two, one and the same individual.—I beg leave further to ask, why *Madame d'Armincours* insisted on keeping company with her niece untill the return of M. de Lignolle? But old women have been destined, from all eternity, to be a check upon the effervescence of youth; and perhaps, by checking, to render their desires more ardent, and to add fresh charms to those pleasures obtained in spite of every obstacle!

Whatever may be the reason *Madame d'Armincours* obstinately persisted in honouring us with her company at supper. She talked to me a great deal about the province where she had educated her niece;



—of her fine castle, which it was necessary to repair every year, in order to prevent it from tumbling to the ground;—of her excellent farm which her steward rendered so productive;—and of her steward himself, who, according to her, was the first man in the world; and whom, without meaning to offend any person, I suppose to have been the one of all her domestics with whom she was best acquainted. I believe I should have heard of nothing but the worthy *Andrew* until the next morning, had not M. de Lignolle's carriage drove into the court-yard precisely at midnight.

—The most disagreeable adventure in the whole world has happened to me! exclaims the Count as he enters:—You know my last new charade; . . .

Sir, says the Countess, interrupting him, this is *Madame la Marquise d'Armincours*, my aunt.

The Marquis, a little surprised at this intelligence, instantly addresses a long compliment to her, which she did not deign to hear to the end.

Good evening! cries she to her niece; good evening, my dear *Eleonora*!—Tomorrow I shall come early, in order to pay my compliments to you.

Adieu! says—she drily, turning towards

the Count ; and then she makes him one of those cold and distant curtsies which women reserve for certain men who have not acquired their esteem.

—You know my last new charade? cries the Count as soon as she had departed.

Mademoiselle de Brumont, says the Countess interrupting him, be kind enough to retire to your apartment !

I obeyed without uttering a single word but took care to plant myself exactly behind the door, and listened with the profoundest attention.

—You know my last new charade? exclaims the Count once more.

The Countess again interrupts him :

—That is not what I wish to talk about, Sir ;—one does not marry in order to make charades . . . but in order to get children!

How, Madam? . . .

—How, Sir!—Is it my business to teach you? If my aunt and Mademoiselle de Brumont had not instructed me, I should have remained entirely ignorant of all these matters.

You do not understand me, Madam ; I know my duty as well as any other . . .

—You know it, Sir ! Why do not you practise it then? . . . Is it true that

you think me ugly?—Is it true that for these two last months I have become the object of your scorn? - - - Where are you going, Sir?

On this I hear Madame de Lignolle bolt the door.

—You shall never leave this place, Sir, until you have repaired your outrages!

My outrages!

—Yes your outrages, Sir! yes, I know all: you have insulted me by your neglect;—but you shall espouse me; you shall espouse me this instant! . . . If all that has been told me be true, it will be no great evil to you . . . Besides, it is your duty; and whether it is agreeable or not, you shall fulfil it . . . It is my pleasure! I command you to do so!

But, Madam——

None of your *but*s; none of your impertinent delays. Do you think that you have got a young and handsome woman, in order to make charades with her? . . . You shall - - - you shall - - - you shall - - - this very moment!

The Countess having said this, takes her unwilling husband by the hand, and conducts him to a sofa at the end of the room. I look through the key-hole; and, alas! what do I see?

*"Vedevo quattro piedi groppati. La lora positura, che non era piu dubia, ni dovea ben' a conoscere che'l Lignolo offeneva od era s'ul punto d' offener' il pardonno delle sue colpe."*

What a strange part did I act upon this occasion! how humilitating and disagreeable is the situation of a looker-on at such times!

At length they arose The Countess uttered a few words in a discontented tone of voice The Count said he was entirely in her power and requested her to make use of all her discretion.

As soon as Madame de Lignolle had returned to her chamber, I opened my door and entered it, under pretence of felicitating her upon the occasion; but she repulsed me in a very serious tone, and informed me that my compliments were very ill timed At length I fell upon my knees, and exclaimed:

Behold, at your feet, a young man who loves—who adores you!

A young man ! who loves who adores  
me - - -

Who has long loved you who has  
been long the captive of your charms !

Are you a young man ? and do you  
really love me ? and have I one at hand  
to avenge the wrongs I have experienced ?

- - - - -  
- - - - -  
- - - - -  
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- - - - -  
- - - - -  
- - - - -

I must do ample justice to the Countess's  
presence of mind ; for as soon as she had  
recovered the use of her tongue, she en-  
quired who I was ?

Prepared for this simple question, which  
a less lively female would have asked me  
a quarter of an hour before, I instantly  
answered her as follows :

Charming Eleonora ! I am called the  
Chevalier de Flourvac. My unjust parents,  
occupied entirely about procuring a large

fortune for my elder brother, wish that I should retire to a monastery - - -

What! would they make a monk of you? exclaims she: O what a pity! then you must take a vow never to espouse any person!

Therefore, my dear friend! a secret voice seems always to have whispered me, that I had no kind of *vocation* for that trade.

- - To be sure I never divined that a propitious destiny had reserved for me the happiness of consummating a marriage which was not my own; but I had a confused idea that I was born with certain passions, and that they were not given me in vain. I have therefore escaped from the convent, in which they chose to immure me; and my friend the Vicomte de Valbrun, indignant at the baseness of my brother, and the cruelty of my parents, received me into his house—advised me to make use of this disguise—at length procured a safer asylum than is own *hotel*—and I have daily reason to rejoice at the lucky accident which conducted me to a woman, young, handsome, and a virgin!

My fate has not been less kind than yours, my dear Flourvac! says the Countess, embracing me at the same time; and you shall keep me company during the lives of your parents.

But my father is still young. - - -

So much the better my friend! we shall therefore have a longer time to live together. Remain with me until all your cruel family be dead; remain with me Flourvac, for it is my pleasure! - - -

Gentle reader, I will not shock your delicacy, by informing you how I passed several of the most pleasant hours of my life; but it may be necessary to hint to you in what manner my wayward and fugitive ideas were occupied.

While sitting along with the amiable disciple whom I had formed, my gratitude recalled the memory of that mistress who had formed me and led me first along the path of pleasure. There, as here; then, as to-day, unexpected and uncommon events had prepared my happiness, and, almost in the very presence of a ridiculous husband, thrown me into the arms of his agreeable moiety! I now found myself in M. de Lignolle's place, teaching the handsome Countess the first elements of that august science which I myself had learned from the beautiful Madame de B\*\*\*; under the auspices of the Marquis. But, alas! of the two charming women whom my lucky stars had prepared for me, the one was already snatched away from my arms, and the other was upon the point of

being abandoned - - - - -

- - - - - When I awoke in the morning the hand of my watch pointed to twelve o'clock. I instantly quitted the Countess, who was still asleep, and ran to my chamber in order to meet M. de Valbrun, who had promised to call upon me at an early hour. I did not see any body in my apartment; but I perceived a scrap of paper in the key-hole, on which M. de Valbrun had written as follows with a pencil, in such an unintelligible kind of hand that I was for sometime utterly at a loss to decypher the words :

"I have knocked, and you have not opened. Where are you, Mademoiselle de Brumont? and what are you about? I know not, but I think I can guess. What agreeable news this will be for the Baroness! I shall return in two hours; will Madame la Comtesse be up by that time?"

I awaken my young friend, by placing myself next her; and I had some reason to believe that a kiss, which she accompanied with many flattering expressions, was not altogether disinterested. - - - - -

In the mean time somebody knocks violently at the door: I instantly prepare to depart—but she makes me a sign to remain, and asks, in a firm tone, "Who is there?"



It is me! replies M. de Lignolle. Do not you intend to rise to-day; What are you employed about?

I am *composing*, Sirr. - - -

—What are you *composing*?

A *charade*.

—Who is teaching you to compose?

Mademoiselle de Brumont.

—Will you permit me to assist you?

That cannot be, Sir: you are not clever at these matters, and you would prevent us from doing any thing.

—Shall I guess the word?

You may, if you please.

—Tell me the *charade* then!

It is in Italian: *Mio integrale ben' che composto da diu, non dideno fa piu ch'uno\**.

- - - But, adds his young wife, who was more happy than if she had composed an epic poem, I am obliged in consequence, to tell you something absolutely necessary to be known, which is, that my *charade* is a species of *enigma*, which has two *catch words*.

Well, well! I shall most assuredly divine them both; and for that purpose, I shall retire to my cabinet, and shut myself up for half an hour.

\* Mon tout que forme de deux personnes, ne fait qu'un.

## CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS. 165

He accordingly returned at the appointed time, and found me sitting in the drawing room with the Countess, with a large cup of chocolate before me, which I had just called for without any manner of ceremony whatever.

Ladies you both know my last new *charade*, says the Count as he entered. Yesterday it was criticised! Would you have believed this, Mademoiselle de Brumont?

Yes, M. le Comte.

Yes!

Doubtless: it proceeded from mere envy.

Ah, you are in the right! - - - -  
- - - - But I will tell you another event equally disagreeable. Yesterday a *charade* was proposed to a circle of *amateurs*; and I, and the gentleman who sat next me, discovered the *word* at one and the same time: every one felicitated my rival; but no one paid me the least compliment whatever. This occurrence made me extremely unhappy; but I instantly recollected a certain project, which has come more than twenty times into my head. In the *Mercur de France*, beneath every *charade*, the name, the surname, the place of abode, the city and the province of the author, are all printed at full length; and I have always thought it an excellent scheme, be-

cause talents cannot be too much encouraged. But is it not a horrible thing that a man who regularly employs three or four days in the week in discovering the *enigmas, charades, &c.* contained in each number, should not be repaid for his labours with a small portion of glory? Surely this is rank ingratitude! Now hear my project: - - - I intend to propose to the editors of the *Mercure*, that they shall open a subscription, the produce of which is to be applied to the impression of a supplementary sheet to be posted up in all the towns in the kingdom, in which shall be mentioned the names of all thoes who had divined the enigmas, &c. of the previous week.

All this is very good replies the Countess But now that we are talking of charades, pray have you discovered mine?

Not yet, Madame! replies he, with a confused air; and, luckily for him, at that very moment a carriage drove into the court-yard.

A lacquey instantly announced the arrival of *Madame la Marquise d'Arminceur*. She herself enters a moment after, flies directly up to her niece, and addresses her as follows:

My dear girl! how do you find yourself this morning?—Is there any change in

the Count?—Ha! you little rogue! you appear to be fatigued! - - - your eyes are quite red! - - - you have had no sleep last night! - - - I felicitate, you my dear, from the very bottom of my heart!

- - - - - and you, *M. le Comte*, be so kind as to accept of my compliments also! - - - - - Come, let us make it up - - - let us embrace together! - - - - - Courage, my friends! - - - courage! - - - - -  
- - In nine months more I shall have a little nephew! . . . . .

The Marchioness now turned round, in order to pay her compliments to me, who by the by deserved them much better than the Count, who at this moment leaned over *Madame de Lignolle's* chair, and whispered loud enough for me to hear:

—Spare me, for God's sake! . . . .  
Let the Marchioness remain in her error!

You may depend upon me, replies the arch Countess—for the secret is necessary to my own honour!

—I thank you for your prudence and discretion! (1)

After all these reciprocal compliments, the conversation became general, until a servant announced that a gentleman was waiting for me in an adjoining apartment.

The Countess insisted on his being shewn in ; and with much difficulty I procured leave to retire, on the express promise of returning in a few minutes.

Good morning to you, M. le Valbrun, say I ; saluting my friend, who had been some time waiting for me. . . . .

. . . . . And now as to the letter to my sister ?

I sent it to her convent.

—And that to my father ?

I myself carried it to the general post-office ?

—And what news of my Sophia ?

The Baroness has not seen her ; but an apartment is actually taken for you in the convent.

—Let us be gone, Viconte—let us be gone instantly !

How ! be gone ?

—Yes, instantly.

But think of . . . . .

—I can think of nothing.

. . . . . The perils !

—I know of none. . . . .

O my Sophia ! I cannot defer the happiness of seeing you for a single day longer !

. . . . . If you will not conduct me there, I shall actually go alone.

Well, since you are resolved, it shall be so ; but do me one favour . . . .

. . . Stop at least untill it is dark. In a quarter of an hour I shall dine along with the Baroness ; at six o'clock precisely I shall bring her here. The moment that you see her carriage enter the court-yard, you may be sure that my chariot waits for you at the door :—you are then to descend the back-staircase instantly, and rejoin me. I promise you, upon my honour, that I shall then carry you straight to the convent.

At the very moment when M. de Valbrun bid me adieu, the Countess, alarmed at my absence, came to look for me. During the whole time of dinner, which appeared very long, I was plunged in a reverie, of which she thought herself the occasion. —O my Sophia! is it necessary I should affirm, that you, and you alone, at that moment occupied all my thoughts?

## CHAP. VIII.

*Faublas escapes from the House of Madame de Lignolle — arrives at the Convent in which his Wife is shut up—is announced as the Widow Grandval—sees Madame de Faublas—A prayer—The Chevalier is seized by the Officers of the Police, and conducted to the Bastille.*

THE night at length arrives; and at its approach, my heart quivers with joy. The Baroness is announced—I fly towards my chamber; Madame de Lignolle calls after me:—I descend the back-staircase with rapidity: I spring into the street, and jump into the Vicomte's carriage, the door of which stands ready open to receive me.

In five minutes time we arrive at the convent—that asylum so long desired, so much wished for!—A lay-sister opens the gate, and demands my name:—Madame the Widow Grandval, replies a domestic from behind.

I will conduct you instantly to your chamber, says the lay-sister.

No . . . not for the present, replied I. Where are all the boarders?

They are in the chapel.

And the chapel?

Is before you.

I instantly enter this sacred mansion; my eyes wander from one extremity to the other, and embrace the whole of its extent. A number of women are at prayers; one among them in particular is distinguished by the profoundness of her meditations.—My heart is moved! it palpitates! Her long brown hair! her elegant shape! the enchanting grace displayed all over her person!—I approach towards—I behold her. Great God! . . . . .  
Faublas, say I to myself, master the violence of your transports. . . . Proceed, and place yourself on your knees by her side!

Madame de Faublas is so pre-occupied, she does not perceive that a stranger is about to kneel near her. She speaks: I listen, and hear the fervent prayer which she addresses to the Divinity:

“Gracious God! (exclaims she) it is true that I was his guilty mistress; but thou has been pleased to permit me to become his legitimate wife!

“I trust that a long absence has sufficiently punished a moment’s weakness!

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I



If, however, thy justice is not satisfied; if, in the august severity of thy judgments, thou hast decided that my crime shall not be expiated but by an eternal separation: all-powerful, but all-bounteous Deity, may it please thee to mingle thy compassion with thy chastisements '—I am but a mortal!—hasten and take away my life!

: “A speedy punishment will now be a signal benefit to thy victim; and if thou deignest to gratify her last wish, O permit her to behold for once—but for once, her beloved spouse!

“Permit that Faublas may close her dying eyes, and receive her last sigh!”

When she had closed her petition to Heaven, the first movement of my heart would have induced me to have precipitated myself before, and to have exhibited to her her husband. I however still preserved presence of mind sufficient to recollect, that such a proceeding would ruin us both; I therefore moderated my patience, and reined in my affections.

In the mean-time, during the mass, and until I could safely discover myself to Sophia, I feasted upon her beauties, and became giddy with admiring her charms.

The service at last ends. Sophia rises; but does not perceive me, because, entirely resigned to her grief, she does not look

at any of the objects which surround her. I regulate my steps by hers, and I follow gently behind. She leaves the chapel, and prepares to cross the court yard. At the moment I touched the pavement with my foot, a number of men issue out of a place where they were concealed, surround and seize me.\*

The surprise and fright extort a shriek from me — a terrible shriek, which pierces the ears of my Sophia !

My wife turns round at the sound of my well-known voice, and approaches.

I behold her address her useless complaints, and extend her lovely arms towards me !—I behold her fall over in the midst of the women who surrounded her—Alas ! where are my arms?—where are my friends? The barbarous satellites of the police overwhelm me with their numbers !—they drag me from my wife !—from my wife who had just fainted away !—Cruel, pitiless Heaven ! hast thou heard the prayer which Sophia but this moment addressed to thee?



\* Penetrating reader, recollect the letter I addressed yesterday to my father by the general post, and conjecture !

These were the vain and the impious ejaculations of impotent fury ! Nothing could save me.

The gates of the convent, which I had so rashly entered, instantly fly open !—I am thrown into a hackney coach, which drives off at a furious pace, and stops all of a sudden.

I hear immense gates turning round on their creaking hinges ; I perceive a fortified castle ; the drawbridge is let down ; I enter a large and lofty tower ; officers decorated with the military order receive me. —I find myself in the Bastille !

CHAP. IX.

*Some reflections concerning a prison happily no longer in existence—Our hero regains his liberty—He meets his father, the Baron de Faublas—Sees the Marchioness at a distance—Pays a visit to his sister Adelaide—A rash promise.*

ALAS, gentle reader, my follies have at length conducted me to the Bastille.

I passed nearly the whole winter—four months—four whole months in that horrid place! It has been said a thousand times, and I am obliged to repeat it once more, that every thing that is hateful to man is assembled within this dreary mansion, and wearisomeness reigns triumphant there, by the side of disquietude and grief! Death would soon be its only inhabitant, were it only possible to prevent Hope from penetrating its horrible walls.

O my king! the day when in thy equity thou shalt destroy this fatal prison! shall be a day of happiness to thy people!\*

\* It was thus that, in the month of July 1788, I mingled my complaints with those of my fellow-citizens. How

The sun, which perhaps for two whole hours illuminated the rest of the world, had scarce begun to greet the eyes of us unhappy prisoners! Scarce had one of its feeble rays penetrated in an oblique direction through the iron bars of my narrow slip of window, which seemed to be dug out of the side of an enormous wall; my eyes, which for a long time past had refused me the consolation of their tears; my heavy eyes were about to be shut for a few moments; for a few moments I had ceased to call upon Sophia, or death, when all of a sudden I hear my triple door open, and behold the Governor enter, and exclaim, "Liberty! liberty!"

How could the wretch who has been shut up for only a few days in a less horrible prison than the least frightful dungeon belonging to the Bastille, hear this word without expiring with joy? How was it possible that I supported the excess of mine?

could I then divine, that, in the month of July, 1789, the Bastille should in less than three hours be carried by the assault of my valiant countrymen? How could I divine the rapid progress of that Revolution, which, along with individual, was to ensure public liberty?

God of my country! thou hast been her deliverer!—thou hast given her those men, and in her behalf hast brought about those very events, precisely necessary for a regeneration so desirable and so difficult.

I know not how—but this much I know, that I was about to precipitate myself from my tomb, all naked as I was, when it was represented to me that I ought at least to take time to dress myself.

Never did my toilette appear so tedious, and never was it finished so quickly!

I took but a moment to gain the first gate. As soon as it was opened, M. de Belcour\* runs towards me! What were my transports on embracing my father!—with what ecstasy he folded me in his arms!

After having addressed a few gentle reproaches to me, after having caressed me in the most affectionate manner, the Baron at length hears and answers the delicate question; which a husband full of uneasiness and impatience had repeated to him several times.

I wish, says he, it were in my power to restore thy Sophia to thee; but a charming woman who takes the most lively interest in every thing that concerns you . . .

I instantly imagine that the Baron alluded to the Marchioness de B—, and a sigh escapes involuntarily from my bosom.

\* The reader will perhaps recollect that the Baron de Faublas assumed the name of Belcour in the retreat in which we concealed ourselves in the neighbourhood of Luxembourg.

Whoever recollects every thing that the Marchioness had done and suffered on my account, will doubtless pardon this sigh. I know not whether my father was surprised or not at hearing it; but after remaining silent for a few minutes, he resumed the discourse :

This lady who takes such a lively interest in every thing that concerns you, has told me—

Has told you!—Have you seen her father?—have you conversed with her?

Yes, I have spoken to her.

Is it not very true that she is—

Very charming?—Yes, she is so.

And she has told you—

That Madame de Faublas was forced to leave her convent on the day after that on which you were arrested; and no person has been as yet able to discover in what place Lovzinski has concealed her.

O my dear wife!—In what a situation did I leave her, when I was seized and overwhelmed by the number of my opponents! I perceived her fall over—swoon away—perhaps die! Ha! if my Sophia is no more, all my happiness in this world is at an end.

Banish these mournful ideas, my son;  
Doubtless your wife is not  
dead; she lives, and loves you. On the day

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that she left her convent, she appeared extremely unhappy ; but her life was not in the least danger.

You comfort and console me ; I trust that we shall be able to discover her.

I desire it most ardently ; but I do not absolutely promise it. I have already made every possible enquiry ; and I assure you that I almost begin to despair of success.

What, my father, does she live?—am I free, and shall we despair? Ha! I shall discover her, be assured that I shall discover her.

In the mean time our carriage advances, and draws up ; we had already passed the outer gate of the Bastille ; we had nearly gained the gate of St. Antoine, when a servant in livery, mounted upon a fine horse, makes a signal to our coachman to stop, and puts a letter into my hand, saying at the same time, “ This comes from my master, who is just before you.”

Having said this, he points to a young cavalier who was parading in front of our carriage, at the entry of the Boulevard.

Notwithstanding the round hat which almost concealed the eyes of the handsome youth, I instantly recognise the \*Vicomte de Florville! I recollect the elegant English

\* Madame de B——.



frock which he used to wear, in more happy days, in order to procure admission to the Chevalier de Faublas' apartment, or to conduct Mademoiselle Duportail to the little summer house at St. Cloud.

I instantly thrust my head out of the carriage, exclaiming, "It is her!—it is her!"

At this moment the Vicomte honours me with a smile of approbation, salutes me with his hand, and, clapping spurs to his horse, gallops away.

Enchanted at seeing her, and unable to contain my joy, I still continue to exclaim, "It is her!—it is her!"

My father, alarmed at my position, first insists upon my sitting down, and then asks me what is the matter!—I instantly inform him that is the lady of whom we had been talking about. He hears me with a certain degree of ill humour, and then asks me about the contents of the letter.

I now break the seal, and read aloud as follows ;

"Until your unfortunate duel is entirely forgotten, sir, neither you, nor your father, who has acted wisely in passing by the name he assumed at Luxembourg, must appear in the capital under that of Faublas.

"Contrive it so that you may be called the Chevalier de Florville, if that name is not very disagreeable to you, and if you are

not sorry in sometimes recalling the memory of a friend to whose repeated solicitations you are at length indebted for your liberty."

I know very well, says the baron interrupting me, that she has been very serviceable upon this occasion; but she did not hope for such a speedy success. I myself did not till this morning receive the happy news of your approaching deliverance; and what is very strange, this circumstance was notified to me by an utter stranger. But continue your letter, my friend.

"This evening we may talk a few minutes together; you will receive a visit in the afternoon from Madame Montdesir. and you are entreated to do whatever she directs you.

The baron demands of me, who this Madame de Montdesir is? I reply, that I myself am totally unacquainted with her.

There is always, continues he with impatience—there is always something extremely ridiculous and obscure in everything that occurs to you. I am determined, however, to have a full explanation of every thing that concerns you, this very night.

This night?

Yes; we shall go to her house this very night, in order to pay our compliments, and return thanks.

But I cannot accompany you.

Why?

On account of her husband.

Her husband is dead.

Is he dead?

I am astonished that you, who are so much interested in every thing that concerns her, should be ignorant of that matter.

Poor Marquis de B—! he no doubt died in consequence of his wounds. I shall always reproach myself on his account!

M. de Belcour did not hear me; for his carriage stopped at this very moment, before a convent in *Rue Croix des petits Champs, place Vendome*.

You are about to see your sister, says the Baron.

Ah! my dear Adelaide?

I have placed her here, continues he, in order that she may be nearer to us. You can easily conceive that it was impossible for me to continue any longer in the *Rue d'Universite*, and that it was necessary I should remove from the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*. Follow me, my friend, and we shall bring home Adelaide with us, who will be quite enchanted at the pleasure of dining with her brother.

In a few moments after, she accordingly entered the parlour. How much was she improved in the course of the last five

months that I had been absent ! She was become taller, and more elegant in her shape ; and instead of the air and manner of a girl she had acquired all the graces and perfections of a woman.

I kissed her hand, which I at the same time bathed with my tears.

Our father was prodigal in his caresses to us both—We then set off for his hotel, which was but a short distance from the convent, and where he instantly put me in possession of an apartment which he had destined for my use.

It was not, however, without chagrin, that I beheld a very small bed placed in a corner of the room.

Ah, my dear father, say I, you have lodged the Chevalier de Faublas as if he were to experience a long separation from his wife !—This is positively the chamber of célibacy !

By way of replication, M. de Belcour opened a private door, and, after having traversed several lofty apartments, conducted me to a very handsome one, in which were two beds placed in an equal number of alcoves.

I leaped with joy at the sight—"This is the temple of Hymen, say I ; and when Love brings me back my wife, I shall dwell here. . . . Until then, it shall be

kept sacred and inviolable! —until then, I shall occupy the little dark apartment you have prepared for me! . . . . .

Yes, I swear that the divinity whom I adore, shall alone be worshipped here; and that no other mortal shall penetrate this holy sanctuary ”

When he took this double oath, the Chevalier de Faublas little thought that before the conclusion of that very night, this very place which he had so rashly consecrated, would be most scandalously profaned !

## CHAP. X.

*Faublas receives a very unexpected visit—Female jealousy—An appointment—A dissertation upon the powers of imagination—A most curious and interesting scene, humbly recommended to the comic pencil of Mr. Bunbury—The vengeance of an enraged lady of quality—A grave and parental admonition—Prayer to Morpheus.*

ADELAIDE and myself were talking about Sophia, and jintermingling our wishes with our tears, when the outer gates of the hotel were opened with great noise. At the sound of a carriage, which entered at this moment, my father first ran to the window, and then to me, crying out at the same time, “My friend, she is arrived! she is arrived!”

I was about to run down stairs; but M. de Belcour detained me.

Permit me, son, says he, to do the honours of my own house; it belongs to me to receive her.—Stay, stay here with Adelaide.

I now expect to see Madame de B—make her appearance—but it is the Baroness de Fonrose who enters! My astonish-

ment, already very great, became extreme, on seeing her accompanied by a handsome little *brunette*, who, quick as lightning, darts into my arms!

When she had hugged me twenty times, given me twenty kisses, and called me her dear friend a hundred times over, she looks around, and perceiving two persons whom she did not know, she turns about and pays her compliments to Mademoiselle and M. de Belcour. On being informed that Adelaide was my sister, she instantly embraces her, and pays her a variety of compliments on her resemblance to me. The dear, innocent Adelaide, extremely disconcerted at her conduct, was not able to say a single word in reply.

After having been stated for a few moments, my father advances to the Baroness, holding me at the same time by the hand, and desires me to return thanks to her.

He is obliged to me, undoubtedly, says the Baroness, for bringing him a handsome lady to visit him!

But, Madam, is he not indebted to you for his liberty.

No, upon honour!—I cannot assume that merit to myself.

Why, Madam, will you continue to refuse the gratitude of a parent? Why should you make a mystery of your success

to me, when you informed the Chevalier of it?

I inform the Chevalier! I myself heard the news but very lately.

What! did not you write a letter to my son? . . . . Did not you wait on purpose to receive a smile from him on his leaving the Bastille? Were you not this very morning on horseback at the gate *St. Antoine*?

By the warmth of M. de Belcour, I could perceive that he was very much in love with Madame de Fonrose, and rather a little jealous in regard to me. I also saw plainly, that we had misunderstood each other in the carriage, when we were speaking of the lady to whom I was indebted for my liberty. I could have instantly cleared up the matter, and restored the two disputants to peace and tranquillity; but I was afraid to mention Madame de B— before the Countess.

Madame de Lignolle was, however, alarmed already; for having heard about a lady dressed in men's clothes, who had waited for me on horseback—of a Madame de Montdesir, who was to call upon me in the evening, &c. &c. she advances towards me, and insists, in a violent tone of voice, that I should instantly explain the whole matter to her. It was in vain that



I whispered Madame de Lignolle, that I should inform her some other; it was in vain that I endeavoured to turn the whole matter into a joke. The countess pressed so hard for an explanation, that I was at length obliged to take to flight.—But where could I fly to? O my Sophia, I run towards thy bed chamber, in order to find out an asylum which I trusted would be deemed inviolable!

I deceived myself, however, for Madame de Lignolle entered as soon as I did. I instantly clasp her in my arms, and endeavour to stifle her curiosity by means of my kisses; but the Baroness now enters, and, after telling us that my father was quite angry at our conduct, brings us back to the drawing-room.

The countess, however, before we left the apartment, found means to seize hold of the key, and put it in her pocket, saying at the same time, De Faublas!—Duportail!—De Flourvac!—and De Florville! . . . you Chevalier with the fifty names! I must keep this key in my possession.

Ah, my dear brother, says Adelaide, who met me upon the staircase with tears in her eyes; ah, my dear brother, my father has ordered me to return to my convent, on account of the conduct of this lit-

tle forward countess. For God's sake, beware of her!—think of my dear friend!—think of your Sophia!—think of the trouble you have occasioned in one family—and remember that you have been once already in the Bastille!

It was thus that the virtuous Adelaide gave me most excellent lessons!—Ah, why had I not prudence enough to follow them?

M de Valbrun entered after dinner, in order to felicitate me on my enlargement, which he had just received notice of. I perceived an unusual coolness between him and Madame Fonrose; which having mentioned in a whisper:

Ah, replies he, it is entirely my own fault; for the Baron being informed by me of your detention in the Bastille, I presented him to the Baroness, and from that moment the ungrateful woman has forsaken me. But, continues he, I should be still happy enough, if, after this conduct in the father, the son would leave me in possession of that little girl Justine.

The son will not trouble your amours; be assured of it.

• I can hardly trust you. Will you swear by Sophia?

With all my heart!—I swear by Sophia!

This was not a lucky day for me in re-

gard to oaths; for the reader will but too soon know that I violated even this.

In the mean time it began to wax late, and the hour indicated for the visit from Madame de Montdesir was now fast approaching. I seize an opportunity, when the countess is engaged in conversation with M. de Belcour, to leave the room. I instantly run to my apartment—I ring for Jasmin, my faithful domestic, and give him the following instructions:

Jasmin, you must stand centinel at the street door. A lady will arrive in a few moments, who will enquire for the Chevalier de Florville. You must ask her with great politeness to follow you, for she is a person of fashion; you may then cross the court in the dark, without being questioned by the Swiss; after which you are to ascend the back staircase. The lady is to wait in my apartment; and be sure you do not carry a light to her, because she would be instantly discovered from the baron's windows. When every thing is ready, instead of coming up stairs, and informing me before the company, you are to descend into the court-yard, and you are to play that tune upon your old violin, of which you are so cursedly fond—you know which I mean, *Tandis que tout sommeille*, &c. When you think that I have heard you, you will

please to wait my further orders at the door. Do you comprehend all this?

Yes, sir, very well.

Then, Jasmin, since that is the case, here are two *louis d'ors* for you. I love to have intelligent people about me.

I waited impatiently for the expected signal upwards of an hour! At length I hear it. Jasmin's violin always produces sounds as grating and discordant as that of a blind fidler at a country fair; but here, as in many other cases, the empire of my imagination overcome that of my senses; for, at the first sound emitted from his instrument, I thought that I heard the harp of the prophet king,\* or, perhaps the reader may like the simile better, the lyre of Amphion. Never did Viotti, in his best days, and happiest moments—never, I say, did he draw more enchanting tones from his instrument!

Happily for me, my enthusiasm did not transport me so far as to make me forget the appointment that was thus announced to me. I became extremely desirous to find an opportunity to leave the apartment; but the countess, who sat next me, kept her eye fixed upon all my motions, and would not permit me to leave my chair, under any pretext whatever.

\* David.

I now began to be extremely weary of my situation; and I easily imagined that the Marchioness, for this was the Madame de Montdesir whom I expected, was equally impatient as myself. Jasmin too, who doubtless supposed that his music had not as yet been heard, at this very moment began his *solo* again—and for this once made a most infernal *crash* with his instrument! It may be very readily supposed how much this terrible noise augmented my impatience: I found myself pricked as it were with a hundred pins at one and the same time, and, O wonderful ingratitude! the lyre of Amphion seemed to me to have become as disgusting as a sow-gelder's horn!

The baron himself did not find this music very melodious; for he instantly ran to the window, and asked who it was that tortured his ears in this manner? Jasmin, conscious of his great powers, took this at first as a compliment; but he was soon convinced of his error by my father, who instantly ordered him to lay by his violin.

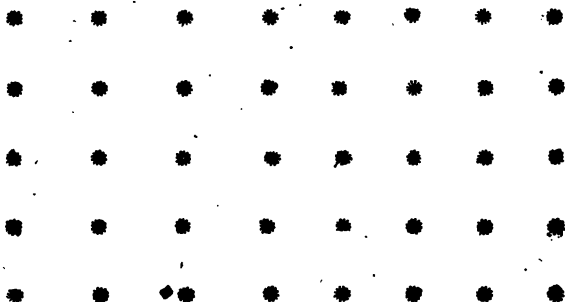
The Baron, however, had scarce shut the window, when my confident, with all the lungs and effrontery of a ballad singer, began to sing, *Tandis que tout sommeille, &c.* At this moment I luckily perceived the Countess to be engaged in conversation with my father. This was the happy cir-

cumstance I had so long and so impatiently expected! I rise softly; I reach the door on tip-toe; I fly along the staircase with the rapidity of an arrow; I order Jasmin, who had been waiting for me upwards of two hours, to shut the door, and to post himself at the foot of the private staircase. Lulled into a fatal security, I traverse the apartment destined for my wife, and enter that into which I had ordered the pretended Madame de Montdesir to be conducted.

My dear friend! exclaim I, has the Chevalier de Florville at length the happiness of being alone with you?

With a smothered voice, she replies:

How much am I obliged to you for these kind expressions!—how much I love you!—how much I thank your! Our conversation was not long, but it was interesting.



Unfortunate is he who is ignorant of it ! But there are certain moments in the life of a man of a warm imagination, when the idea of possession absorbs all other sentiments ; moments when the soul, avaricious of one only object, and deluded by the poignant desire of possession, can reflect upon nothing else than its own happiness. No one of all the human faculties can then exercise its particular functions ; the memory knows no longer how to remember, the mind to reflect, or the judgment how to compare. Unfortunate is he, however, who is ignorant of all this !—But on the other hand, the reader will perceive that these ecstasies are not always unattended with regret.

I was at length with some difficulty awakened from my reverie by a loud noise. . . . A door opens ! . . . Somebody approaches !

Save yourself, my dear Marchioness! save yourself, for Heaven's sake! These were the first words I uttered. But how could she save herself? She was without light, in an unknown apartment, the approaches to which were not very familiar even to myself.

I wish to favour her flight—and, taking her by the hand, I endeavour to conduct her into a powdering closet; but I had not time, for a door exactly opposite to the place where we stood, opens at this very critical moment.

Too much favoured by chance and by love, which even in the dark guided her rapid steps, Madame de Lignolle, by means of my master key, which she had taken possession of, reached the apartment of the amorous couple, who were frightened at her approach, and could not escape her search.

Is it you, my dear friend, says she, at the same time taking hold of, and kissing a hand which was not mine.

My fair partner, thus detained, could not proceed a single step farther; and I, who anticipated her terror and embarrassment, hastened to thrust myself between her and Madame de Lignolle, and consequently to cover with my body, that of the person, one of whose members was held captive



by the countess, who continued to caress it with great affection.

Is it you, my dear friend? exclaims she once more. Obligated instantly to reply, I began to think upon some contrivance in order to prevail upon her to retreat, when I heard the approach of a fourth person, and instantly perceived a light!—A cry of terror escapes from me:

Alas! my dear Marchioness, you are undone!

The Baron, provided with a fatal wax taper, stops at the door, and, extending his arm, exhibits, by means of the light of his bougie, one of the most distressing, but perhaps ridiculous scenes in the world! He himself, who had been uneasy during the whole night at the conduct of the Countess, and expected to find but one lady along with his son, was not a little astonished at perceiving two, one of whom held the other in the most amicable manner by the hand.

Madame de Lignolle, equally indignant, ashamed and surprized, with a number of opposite passions at one and the same time displayed upon her countenance, seems plainly to indicate that she cannot either forgive my infidelity, or pardon herself the foolish caresses with which but that very instant she had overwhelmed her rival,

her odious rival, who had now reclined against the wall, and seemed to be nearly deprived of life. But of all the four actors in this strange scene, I was not the least stupified when, happening by chance to throw a furtive glance on the unfortunate statue by my side, I perceived who it was!—I then looked three different times steadfastly in her face, without being able to persuade myself of the reality of the vision! This woman, in whose arms thought that I possessed one of the most lovely of women, was only a little *brunette*, indifferently handsome!—She, in whom I idolized Madame de B—, was no other than her *quondam* waiting maid, JUSTINE!

Beauty, present from Heaven! daughter of nature, and queen of the universe permit one of thy respectable, but sincere worshippers, to submit to you a reflection which your enthusiastic adorers may perhaps term a blasphemy!—Since it is true that, sometimes exalted by love, and sometimes debased by disgust, the imagination, always active, and always constant, can at every moment, and even a hundred times in the same moment, at its own will, create and annihilate thee; tell me, what art thou then in thyself? In what consists thy charms? Where resides thy real power?

Let me look again—this is perhaps something better than Justine, whom I but this moment mistook for the beautiful Marchioness.

That handsome dress; that elegant and rich robe; that superb hat, ornamented with an undulating tuft of costly feathers; that rouge more especially—that rouge of quality which never makes the cheeks of a plebeian blush. What is all this? Assuredly no part of this brilliant attire can belong to the *femme de chambre* of Madame de B—, nor the priestess of the little temple dedicated to the pleasures of the Vicomte de Valbrun! There was certainly something grand in the dress of the person whom I now examined. She seemed to have imposed upon some wealthy dupe—perhaps she had bought a patent of nobility!—but there is a something affected in her air and manner!—O no!—it is nobody but my old friend Mademoiselle Justine!

The malignant countess, who also examines her from head to foot, views her unworthy rival with scorn, and addresses her thus :

*Madame de Lignolle.*

You, I suppose, are called Madame de Montdesir?

*Justine (bridling up, and assuming a second-hand air of consequence.*

Yes, Madam! and what then?

*Madame de Lignolle.*

You are perhaps married?

*Justine (tossing up her head).*

Perhaps!

*Madame de Lignolle.*

What is the rank and occupation of your husband?

*Justine.*

He is what he is. And pray what is yours, Madam?

*Madame de Lignolle.*

You are very impudent to interrogate me?—reply only to those questions with which I deign to honour you. I demand of you, what your husband is? What is his station! What is his employment? What he is in short?

*Justine.*

What he is!—Why, Madam, (*Justine now puts her arms a-kimbo*) What he is!—Why, madam, he is—what yours apparently is also—a cuckold!

I frankly avow that I here gave the countess a new cause of offence. This sally of Justine's was no doubt amusing; but I ought not to have burst into a loud fit of laughter in the face of Madame de Lignolle, as I now did.

But since I am in the humour of telling every thing, I must now confess that the impatient countess was so enraged at my conduct, that she punished me in the most rigorous manner, for she gave me—yes—she actually gave me a blow.

It may be easily supposed that my father did not remain a peaceable spectator of so scandalous a scene ; but it may not be superfluous to recount how he put an end to it, and in what manner he revenged my affront.

At the sound of the bell, which the baron rung with great violence, a domestic makes his appearance, whom he instantly orders to light Madame de Montdesir to the street door. He then addresses himself thus to the countess :

I am perhaps three times your age, Madam ; I am a father, and you are under my roof. I think myself obliged, however, to tell you plainly what I think of your conduct : it is so very inconsiderate,—and you ought to thank me for not making use of a stronger expression,—it is so extremely inconsiderate, that I can find no excuse for you but in your extreme youth.

. . . . If my son, Madam, has mistresses, it is not here that he ought to receive them ; and no lady who possesses the least idea of delicacy, would have fixed up-

on the *hotel* of his father, and the apartment of his young, beautiful and virtuous wife as a place of *rendezvous* with the Chevalier. In short, a well-educated woman, a lady of quality more especially, would never treat her lover, were he even guilty of any fault, and she alone with him, in the scandalous manner in which you have behaved to him in my presence.

Madam, continues he, in a softer tone of voice, I will not add to the embarrassment of your present situation, by detaining you any longer here. Chevalier, return to the saloon, and tell the Baroness that Madame de Lignolle is waiting for her in order to go home. Madam, permit me to conduct you to your carriage.

The countess, nearly furious at what she had heard, rejects my father's hand, and descends by herself.

In the meantime, anxious to appease the Baron, who was so justly irritated against me, I run to the Baroness, and acquit myself of my commission. Surprised at the Countess's sudden departure, she asks me the reason? I protest that Madame de Lignolle is better able than me to detail the whole to her. Madame de Fonrose instantly rises; the Viscountess de Valbrun takes her hand; I accompany her to the vestibule, and I there hear

the countess exclaiming with all her might,  
“ Ah, perfidious, ungrateful man ! ”

My father, who was now left alone with me, ascends to Sophia's apartment. He stops before the door of her bed-chamber—It was but this morning, says he, that no mortal but yourself was to penetrate into this room !—and this very night two women have been there !—One of them I imagine to be a person of no consequence ; but as for the other !—Madame de Lignolle, she actually terrifies me !—A woman at her time of life ! a mere child ! to be already so bold, so enterprising, so audacious !—You yourself are too lively, too volatile, too headstrong, too imprudent—and she will make you more so—she will be your ruin !—See how in a few hours she has already made you forget that wife whose absence you were lamenting with tears in your eyes during the whole morning !—What ! are not the misfortunes of Sophia, and the uncertainty of her fate, sufficient to occupy your mind ? Will you never be prudent ? Cannot you receive lessons even from adversity ? And your charming wife ! so respectable in her very foibles—your interesting wife ! so worthy of a faithful lover—shall she never expect constancy from her husband ?—Ah, Faublas ! Faublas !

The baron beheld my tears flowing in

consequence of his reproaches ; but he left me, without affording me a single syllable of consolation.

How slow did the time during the remainder of the evening pass away !—and when bed-time at length arrived, how horrible did it appear to sleep by myself in my little apartment !—I, however, was obliged to allow, that I was lodged there in a less disagreeable manner than in the Bastille. In my prison, I called upon death ; here, it was sleep that I invoked.

“ Come, Morpheus, god of married men ! what thou dost continually for them, deign to do for me, during a few hours only !

“ Banish from my bed these tender solitudes, these impatient desires, this burning love.

“ Receive me into thy peaceable bosom ! Call around me carelessness and oblivion, listlessness and indifference, dejection and disgust !

“ Above all things, chase from my bosom the idea of my charming wife !—Ah, I conjure you, recal not her image until the morning !—and then, when I awake, let it be in the arms of my Sophia !”



## CHAP. XI.

*A letter from an old acquaintance—Some account of a waiting-maid who affected the airs of a woman of quality—The Chevalier has an interview with Madame de B\*\*\*—Private histories of the Countess de Lignolle and Madame de Fonrose, two of Faublas' particular friends—The generous conduct of a lady towards her mortal enemy.*

My prayer was rejected; I neither obtained the consoling sleep during the night, nor the happy dreams in the morning, which I had so fervently invoked.

The following letter, which was brought me on the ensuing morning about nine o'clock, restored in some measure however my usual gaiety:

“Monsieur le Chevalier,

“You will never give a poor lady time to recollect herself a bit. I should be by this used to your proceedings; but I always forgot myself somehow or another in your company.

“You ought to recollect the bargain we formerly entered into—as you well know, it was agreed that I should always commence matters, by stating my business.

“ Yesterday you made me forget something of very great importance. A certain great lady of my acquaintance, requests me to inform you, that she desires to have a few minutes conversation with you to-day. She will be with me in two hours. You may come sooner if you please, and we shall breakfast together, *tete a tete*.

“ I am, Sir,

“ to serve you,

“ Your very humble servant,

“ DE MONTDESIR.”

De Montdesir!—there can no longer be any doubt; Justine must have been ennobled! Prosperity changes manners. Justine disdains to make use of the name of her obscure ancestors.

In short I was so attracted by curiosity, that I arrived at the *Palais Royal* as soon as the messenger who brought me the above letter. On my entering her lodgings, I was less struck with the elegance of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the air of effrontery assumed by her little lacquey and her ugly chambermaid, than at the manner in which she deigned to receive me. It was no longer with the low curtsy of a *femme de chambre*; she actually affected the stately nod of a protectress! She was reclining upon an *ottoman*, and

playing with an Angaro cat, when my visit was announced to her.

Ha ! says she—usher him in ! and, without abandoning the foot of the little animal which she was fondling. Is it you, Chevalier ? You may be seated.

After a few minutes conversation, the quondam waiting maid relaxed a little from her stately deportment, and informed me that M. de Valbrun, becoming every day more disgusted with his little temple, but more attached to his little mistress, had presented her with all his furniture, and allowed her twenty-five *louis d'ors* a month, besides paying for the hire of her apartments.

A patent of nobility ! Alas, poor Justine is nothing more than a kept mistress !

I no sooner thought of this circumstance, than I pulled a handful of gold out of my purse, which I obliged her with some difficulty to accept of.

I now hear Madame de B—. She did not enter at the same door at which I came in, but at another : I instantly run and throw myself at her feet, which I embrace.

The Marchioness leans towards me, and gives me a kiss on the forehead in return ; but seeing that I did not rise, she

withdraws a few steps, and presents me with her hand in a manner which, far from soliciting my caresses, seemed to command my homage. But, charmed at the idea of once more possessing this lovely hand, instead of the coldness of respect, I feel all the warmth of affection, and kiss it with the utmost eagerness.

Madame de Montdesir receives Madame de B— with the most respectful attention; and that lady, still preserving the authority of a mistress, desires her to retire, by means of a nod.

As soon as Justine obeyed, I endeavoured to express all the excess of my gratitude and my joy to Madame de B——.

Chevalier, replies the Marchioness, at the same time withdrawing her hand, which I apparently squeezed too tight—Chevalier I will not affect to deny, what so many people will certify to you, that the gates of the Bastille were opened to you by my means.

Perhaps you have already heard that four months constant assiduity at court has considerably increased the credit which I formerly enjoyed there; and I assure you, my friend, that the consideration of putting an end to your misfortunes, was not the least of those causes which animated me in the pursuit of my ambitious projects.

I at this present moment enjoy the highest degree of favour to which it is possible for a courtier to aspire, and if your liberty has not been obtained so speedily as it could have been hoped, yet let it be recollected, that there were a thousand powerful obstacles, and a thousand rivals, who endeavoured to foil me in the attempt. Think not, however, that I intend to confine my good offices to this circumstance: I know that liberty with you is not the first of blessings; I know that although Faublas is caressed by several mistresses, he cannot live happy if he languishes at a distance from her whom he has always preferred. I am determined to restore her to him; I am determined to discover the retreat of Madame Faublas, were it at the end of the universe.

O, my benefactress! exclaim I; O, my generous friend!

And when, continues the Marchioness, I shall have re-united the handsome couple together, I shall dare to attempt something still more bold in order to insure their future felicity. I shall endeavour, if Faublas will only recompense my cares with his confidence, and if he will permit me to aid his youth with my counsels; I shall endeavour to arm him against the seductions of my sex, and the arts of his own.

I shall endeavour to demonstrate that a young man so highly favoured by Hymen as he is, ought to find his happiness in his conjugal fidelity. Think not that I am blind to the difficulties of this enterprise. No:—but I well know that the greatest obstacles will arise from yourself:—I am well acquainted with your impatient vivacity, which seldom leaves you time sufficient to avoid dangers—and your burning imagination, which often sends you in search of them. These, Faublas, these are the enemies which I fear; this is a circumstance that affrights me much more than the tender attachment of your violent countess, and the adroit instigations of the baroness, her intriguing friend.

I now interrupt Madame de B—.

What! do you know these ladies?—How did you become acquainted with all this?

It is necessary that I should detail to you some particulars of the character of Madame de Fonrose; I shall also soon convince you that I am not altogether unacquainted with that of Madame de Lignolle.

The little countess, vain of her charms, which she thinks incomparable; of her wit, which she imagines original; of her birth, the legitimacy of which is suspected; proud also of the riches she enjoys, and

of the rank she has attained ; lucky in the accident which has presented her with the weakest of aunts, and the most foolish of husbands ;—the little countess thinks that she ought to be approached with homage, adoration, and respect. Wild, imperious, obstinate, and jealous, she has all the faults of a *spoiled child*. She always appears less sensible of the pleasure of pleasing than of the happiness of commanding : she will become the most urgent of mistresses, as she is the most impertinent of wives ; she will soon consider her lover as her first domestic, exactly in the same manner as she now treats her husband as her lowest slave. I assure you, she is equally incapable of dissembling her extravagant opinions, and of repressing her inordinate passions : thus you will hear her unceasingly increasing the folly of her actions, by the folly of her tongue ; and I dare predict to you, that with that inexhaustible fund of self-love with which she is provided, any attempt to correct in her the united vices of nature and of education will be entirely useless.

As to the baroness, she is notorious ; and no one is silly enough to esteem a woman with whose character all the world is acquainted. The scandal of her proceedings made her husband, M. de Fonrose, die of chagrin. He was a most worthy and

respectable man, and culpable only in making the ridiculous attempt of inspiring his *too noble* wife, with a taste for *plebeian* virtues. Madame de Fonrose, who ridiculed every idea of this kind, in the midst of her gaiety used to *burlesque* her husband, under the name of the 'Philosopher de la rue St. Denis.' On his demise, she made haste to justify the brilliant hopes which had been conceived of her. She accordingly soon elevated herself above all those little delicacies which are so often the enemies to female pleasure, and has ever since stoically sustained her great character through life. In less than ten years her conquests have multiplied to such an amazing degree, that at length, dreading lest she should forget any one, she herself has lately taken the trouble to make out the honourable list with her own hand !

In this inexhaustible vocabulary the name of your honoured father is perhaps placed as the nine hundred and first, and may perhaps be followed by nine hundred more, without reckoning your own !

What renders the invincible courage of this woman still more surprising, is, that she receives all the world, and was never known to send any person away unsatisfied. This modern Messalina actually seems inexhaustible in her desires !—She has no less



than thirty lovers at one and the same time!—If any one retires, the vacancy is instantly filled up; and if the deserter should choose to return after six months absence, he is always sure of being well received!—But do not imagine that the arrangement of these little matters can occupy the attention of a head so capacious as that of the Baroness; her intriguing genius is not confined to her domestic avocations; no—in order to employ her moments of leisure, she consoles herself by favouring the amours of other people. If you go to her house on any of the days she receives company, you will see her surrounded by crowds of handsome young men whom she forms, and of young women eager to hear and to follow her instructions!

These are the enemies whom I dread; these are the foes whom I wish to exhibit to you in their proper colours. I, however, shall be obliged to behold their triumph a little longer.

Add your name, if you please, in order to swell the immense list of those made happy by Madame de Fonrose's bounty—this woman, distracted with vanity, cannot retain above a single day, a young man whom I know to possess sensibility, and whom I believe not to be devoid of delicacy.

As to Madame de Lignolle, I may permit her to detain you for some weeks. Since it is absolutely necessary that you should have some object to amuse you, I prefer a capricious and foolish child to all others, because she can only inspire you with a transient passion like her own. Be therefore, in these your boyish days, the plaything which she amuses herself with ; but recollect, that the moment I am able to bring you back your Sophia, you must break with her for ever.

I engaged to do every thing that the Marchioness desired me ; I thanked her in terms of the most lively gratitude for the interest she took in my affairs ; and I promised her to love nobody but my wife, from the first moment she should be restored to me.

I had now time to contemplate Madame de B— at my leisure.

The roses on her cheek seemed to bloom with unusual freshness—her eyes possessed an uncommon brilliancy—and over her whole person was spread an enchanting grace, which I could not contemplate without love and admiration. I perceived, however, a certain degree of dignity that I had never before beheld, which repelled all my advances, and made me entirely despair of success.

After having detailed to me the means she intended to make use of in order t

discover the retreat of Madame de Faublas, she observed, that she wished to give me a small commission which she was desirous that I should take charge of. Saying this, she pulls a paper from her pocket, and puts it into my hand.

I myself have solicited from the minister, says she, this letter, which recalls my mortal enemy into France. Be so kind as to transmit it to Count de Rosambert, who is at present at Brussels.

You may announce to him, that he is now at liberty to return to the capital, and even to court. I permit you to intimate, that the person whom he has so grossly outraged, and who could with a single word deprive of him for ever of all his employments, and bereave him in a moment of his fortune and his country, has obtained leave for him to return. Let him not think, however, that I renounce my just vengeance;—no—it shall be a vengeance worthy of myself! A cowardly chastisement shall not be retaliated for a cowardly injury! To punish, in a noble manner, a man unworthy of his birth, and who did not hesitate to insult me basely, is to punish him twice. Adieu, my friend; Justine shall inform you at what time I can have the pleasure of seeing you again.

As soon as Madame de B— had de-

parted, I instantly rung the bell for Madame de Montdesir, who, pointing to a private door at the end of her dressing room, told me that it communicated with a jeweller's shop, through which the Marchioness entered, in order to avoid scandal.

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## CHAP. XII.

*Faublas appears once more as a female—A specimen of modern, fashionable conversation—The Chevalier pays a visit to the Countess de Lignolle—A very interesting conversation—Character of the Marchioness de B\*\*\*—A recipe against satiety—An old, but very successful mode of banishing jealousy—A quarrel between two lovers, which ends, as usual, in a compromise.*

ON my return home, I was informed by Jasmin, that Madame de Fonrose had sent a person in search of me; and after writing a letter to my old friend Rosambert, I repaired to the house of the Baroness.

The moment that the Chevalier de Florville is announced, Madame de Fonrose runs to the door in order to receive me. She instantly conducts me to her dressing room, places me before a looking glass, and orders one of her attendants to dress my hair, which is then surmounted

by an elegant garland of flowers. In a moment after, I am apparelled in a robe of lilac silk, and a petticoat of the same colour; and in order to complete my metamorphosis, my feet are enveloped in a pair of beautiful blue satin shoes.

Madame de Fonrose then dismisses her *femme de chambre*, and, after embracing me several times, observes, that there were few young ladies who looked so handsome as me.

I was about, very imprudently no doubt, to repay her flattering compliments and her tender caresses, when, very luckily for me, a footman happened to announce M. de Belcour.

The baroness, terrified lest my father should penetrate into her dressing room, runs out on purpose to receive him, and conducts him to a neighbouring apartment.

I am come, says he, to make you at once my excuse and reproaches. You yesterday brought to my house one of the wildest and most ungovernable women—

Say rather a charming lady, full of attractions—adorned with wit, beauty, vivacity—

I, however, beg leave to avow to you, continues he, that it is not without the utmost chagrin that I behold my son embarked in a new intrigue. His wife, it is to be hoped, will not always remain concealed.

O make yourself easy on that subject, Baron—as soon as she returns, we shall restore her husband to her arms.

It will perhaps be too late—he will then love her less, and his Sophia really deserves to be happy!

I admire all this amazingly, Sir!—What fine sentiments! You seem to think that a woman can never be happy, but by enjoying the perpetual adorations of her own husband; and you have imported the idea with you from your province, that every good husband ought to possess a *plebeian* kind of constancy and attachment to his wife. This is really being a century behind the present age!—Where did you come from, Sir? Where have you spent all your life? Are you still ignorant that at present people of fashion only marry in order to form an establishment, and to procure an heir?

And it is precisely on that account, Madam, that the people of fashion, of whom you now speak, after a few years of marriage, have neither house, nor family, nor children whom they can properly call their own!

Ah, Baron, you are really an amusing man! But all this morality is entirely out of fashion at court, and even in the city!

A servant now informs me that the baroness's carriage is ready. I descend the back staircase, and enter it: my father helps Madame de Fonrose into the coach; I conceal my face behind a fan; the baroness laughs, and squeezes my hand; and in a few minutes we arrive at the door of the countess's hotel.

M. de Lignolle instantly arose on my entering the apartment, and ran up in order to receive me:—his wife is at first angry; but Madame de Fonrose whispers a few words in her ear, and makes my peace with my enraged mistress. The count reproaches me with my ingratitude and fickleness, and asks me a thousand times why I could think of quitting his hospitable roof without taking leave of him and the countess? I make the best excuse possible, and candidly avow my sincere sorrow and repentance for my former conduct.

After dinner, the baroness, either to prevent me from ogling the countess, or to torment me a little for neglecting herself, commences a subject which I find extremely difficult to hear without emotion.

You undoubtedly, says she, turning towards the count, have heard the news? The Chevalier de Faublas is liberated from the Bastille.

Who?—the Chevalier de Faublas!

Do not you recollect the history of this handsome young man, who, in a female dress, introduced himself to the family of the Marquis de B—?

Yes, the same!

And have they set such a dangerous person at liberty?—This little dog ought to have been shut up for the remainder of his life—he should be made a public example of!

You are very severe, Count, continues the Baroness: but pray (turning round at the same time towards me) what does Mademoiselle de Brumont say on this subject? Are you of the count's opinion?

No, I readily confess I am not; the Chevalier is very young, and his faults are in some measure excusable.

He has committed the most horrible crimes, exclaims M. de Lignolle; you do not seem to know his history, Mademoiselle; I will recount some of the particulars to you:—he threw off the dress usually worn by his own sex, and, assuming that of a woman, found means to enter the bed of the Marchioness de B—, actually before her husband's face.—Is not this frightful?

Pray let me stop you here, say I;—Do you think it possible, sir, that a man could

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resemble a woman so much, that they should be mistaken for each other?

It is not a very common mistake, replies the count; but there is a possibility that such a thing might occur: besides this, it is a fact; and there is consequently no reasoning on the subject. As for the Marquis de B—, notwithstanding all his knowledge of physiognomy, he is not removed many degrees from being an idiot. It is the science of the human heart which he ought to possess.

It appears to me, that, if you had been in the place of the unfortunate Marquis, this same M. de Faublas could never have duped you?

O! you may rest assured of that! I perhaps am not much wiser than my neighbours; but I have been a close observer of Human Nature during the whole course of my life; in fine, I am able to decypher the heart of man, and no affection of the soul can ever escape my penetration.

We all know that, says the baroness;—but let us return to our subject:—I will perhaps not a little astonish you, by informing you, that he is indebted to the Marchioness for his liberty.

To Madame de B—! exclaims the Count.

To Madame de B—! cries the countess, with great vivacity.

To Madame de B—! say I, enjoying at the same time their astonishment.

To Madame de B—! replies the baroness coldly:—all the world knows it.

As for me, I think nothing of her talents, either natural or acquired; but all the young men of fashion affirm that she is handsome, and they are not ignorant of these matters. Nay, the old courtiers observe that she is adroit, insinuating, full of artifice and dissimulation; and they must know something of their own trade.

Some allow her a great deal of wit; some recognize in her extraordinary talents; but all generally agree that she is born for intrigue.

A few are surprised that ambition can reign so absolutely over a heart which they think calculated for the softest passions; others, beholding her mind continually occupied in affairs of importance, are astonished how she can find a moment's leisure for love!

Every one admires in her that continual mixture of audacity which distinguishes the bold, and of craft which seems to appertain solely to the feeble.

Sometimes she equally astonishes her friends and her enemies by her daring

attempts. Sometimes she conquers by means of her tranquil patience and eternal perseverance. Sometimes she is the irritated tiger, who darts upon her pursuer, and overcomes him; and sometimes the sullen leopard, that waits patiently in expectation of his prey.

Her uncommon talents may be easily demonstrated, from the manner in which she arose more powerful than ever, after her terrible fall. When her affair with the Chevalier de Faublas made so much noise, and gave her up as entirely ruined, she alone had the courage not to despair of her good fortune!

You will probably ask, by what means she could persuade a husband who had been cuckolded, despised, and even dangerously wounded, that he was not an ass? Of this matter I am entirely ignorant; thus far is however certain, that they now live much more happy together than ever they did before. But this is the least of her merits—as soon as she had again bound her good spouse in her chains, she determined to deliver her charming lover. What do you think did she do, in order to accomplish this?

M. de —, who had many partisans, because to a small degree of merit he united an immense fortune; M. de —, I say,

had for a long while in vain pursued two objects equally dear to him—the possession of this lady, and his own elevation to the ministry! The marchioness joins herself to that party which was devoted to his interests.

After four whole months of indefatigable efforts, she effects the disgrace of the minister, frightens one of the candidates, deceives the other, and the lucky competitor whom she had favoured, at length perceives himself invested with the object of his ambition, and entrusted with the famous *port-folio*, the object of so many intrigues! From that moment his benefactress deigned to become his mistress.

You appear astonished, Mademoiselle de Brumont!\*

It is nevertheless literally true.

Yes, the victim was immolated upon the altar of ambition.

The grand sacrifice was instantly consummated.

Thus Madame de B—, who must be acknowledged to have a very powerful family interest, regained, and even augmented her original credit; thus the Chevalier de Faublas is restored to society, in

\* It was by this name that the Chevalier de Faublas was known in the family of M. de Lignolle. T.

order, if we do not take care, to play some new trick.

Madame de Fonrose was now silent; she seemed desirous to embarrass me, and she succeeded wonderfully by means of the fatal news which she now communicated. It will, perhaps, scarce appear probable, that the adorer of Sophia, and the friend of Madame de Lignolle, should be still in love with Madame de B—, however, on examining my own heart, I found it exceedingly affected.

A secret voice seemed to whisper me, that the marchioness ought rather to have left me to perish in a dungeon, than bartered her own honour for my liberty.

Yes, in the midst of my anger, I dared accuse my friend for having done too much for me!

Are not those *consolatory* moralists in the right, who are continually preaching to us that man is naturally ungrateful?

Madame de Lignolle was discontented at my chagrin, which it was not difficult to perceive; the baroness rather seemed to rejoice at it; the count appeared, however, to take compassion on me, and, to my great satisfaction, changed the subject of conversation.

I no longer, indeed, heard of the follies of the Chevalier de Faublas, or of the

dishonour of Madame de B—; but I was still far from being either happy or fortunate, as I was obliged, during the remainder of the evening, to guess at *enigmas*, solve *charades*, and listen to long and tedious dissertations relative to the *human mind*.

At ten o'clock the baroness returned home, in order to sup with my father.

At midnight M. de Lignolle wished a good night to the countess, and a good sleep to Mademoiselle de Brumont.

Of these wishes, so opposite to each other, one only could be accomplished: the countess had a *good* night merely because Mademoiselle de Brumont slept but little!

What! Chevalier, did not you see Justine yesterday at noon, and the preceding evening? Are you not boasting a little?

Think only of my celibacy during twenty tedious days

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As for you, ye unhappy mortals, who after having so often encountered satiety in the arms of love, are unable to have an adequate conception of these things! accept a salutary advice from me, and take courage; procure yourselves to be shut up in the Bastille; remain there for only four months, and then when you are let out, you will see what you are capable of doing!

With what eagerness will you fly to the feet of your mistresses!

With what pleasure, what ecstasy, will you embrace them!

Next morning, all the little jealousies which had entered into the head of Madame de Lignolle seemed to be entirely banished. We breakfasted together without being incommoded by the presence of a third person; for M. de Lignolle had set off for Versailles, after having recommended to me to be faithful, constant, and attentive to his wife!

It was she, on the contrary, who took care of me; it was her little hands that dressed my hair and arranged my clothes. We passed the whole morning together; we played a thousand fooleries, and committed a thousand absurdities: but what was to be expected from us? I was not as

yet eighteen years of age, and the countess was scarce sixteen !

It was now but two days since I had been with my father, yet I felt a desire to see him. O my Sophia ! I also experienced the most eager inclination to enquire of Justine whether Madame de B— had heard any thing concerning thy fate ! The idea of thy misfortunes poisoned my guilty happiness.

These considerations occasioned a serious quarrel between the countess and me on the succeeding morning.

You weep ! exclaims the astonished Eleonora ;—what is the matter ?

To have avowed that these tears flowed on account of the absence of Sophia, would have been cruel in the extreme ; I thought it would be better, therefore, to invent a story fitted for the occasion.

I am afflicted, my dear Madam, because I am obliged to leave you for a few hours.

To leave me !—in order to do what ?

To pay a visit.

To whom ?

Not to my father, because he would detain me ; and I am desirous of returning :—but to my sister.

To your sister !

I cannot dispense with seeing her to-day.

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You cannot?

No.

Absolutely?

Yes.

Very well, then; I will accompany you.

What, appear in Paris together! we should instantly be discovered.

I will conceal myself in the back part of the carriage, and wait until you return.

No, no, impossible; I must go alone!

You deceive me; you meditate some infidelity.

Eleonora—

It is not to your sister's that you wish to go, but to that unworthy marchioness; or, perhaps, to that little contemptible idiot Madame de Montdesir.

My dear Eleonora—

But, if you have any such intentions, I am determined to balk you; for I shall prohibit you from stirring out.

You prohibit me!—Madam, you may assume this tone with M. de Lignolle as often as he will please to permit you; as for me, I declare that I will not allow it, and that I shall leave your house instantly.

And as for me, Sir, I positively declare that you shall not leave my house.

Not leave the house?

No!

Ha! we shall see instantly.

I now make a movement in order to jump out of bed; the countess extends her right hand, detains me by means of my hair, and with her left she pulls the bell with such violence that she actually breaks the string.

Her female attendants, affrighted at the noise, instantly run to the door, and she commands them to order the Swiss porter to fasten the gates of the hotel, and on no account to let any of the women in the house pass that way.

This manner of guarding a lover appeared so extremely new to me, that I was actually obliged to laugh at it: my gaiety pleased the countess, who laughed also in her turn.

A few minutes were spent in this manner; we then rise, and as soon as we had dressed, we begin to quarrel again.

Eleonora, I must absolutely be gone; but I give you my word of honour that I shall return before the expiration of two hours.

Mademoiselle de Brumont, I pledge you my word of honour, that my Swiss shall not let you pass.

What! seriously, Madam?

Seriously, sir.

Countess, I shall not endeavour to force

a passage, because, were I to add an imprudence to your folly, your honour might be called in question: recollect, however, the violence you commit against my inclinations: consider that you will not always have the power of detaining your lover in spite of himself, and that, once free, he will not be very eager in order to re-assume a yoke which you have rendered so disagreeable to him.

Ha! ungrateful young man; you menace to abandon me!—Faublas, if ever you should run away, I shall go in search of you.—I shall visit all your mistresses one after another; I shall run to that vulgar creature Montdesir, in order to *box her ears*; to the marchioness's to demand you from her husband;—even to your wife, if I can but find her out, on purpose to declare to her that I am your wife also. M. de Lignolle is but married to my estate—It is you! it is you only who have espoused me!—Why would you go out and be unfaithful to me!—While you were in the Bastille, I was true to you—I had not a *rendezvous* with any person—My only employment was to whisper your name; and to sigh for you!—Is it this famous Madame de B— whom you expect to meet?—Avow it, and I will pardon you, provided you go not to her. What advan-

tage has this marchioness you prefer, over me whom you hate?—Is she beautiful?—I am handsome also.

Does she possess talents?—You are not yet acquainted with all mine.—I sing well, and dance better; and I will this moment, if you please, execute the most difficult air of Hédelman and Clementi upon my piano forte.

Has she wit?—I am not destitute of it.

Does she love you much?—I love you more; and I am younger, and more amiable than she is.

I tell you—I tell you—

You laugh, Faublas?

Véry well!

Do not go out, and we shall laugh and sing, run and fight, and play with one another in the same manner as yesterday!

Remain but with me, my good friend, and I promise to you that the present day shall appear as short and as pleasant to you as the last.

This is all very good, Madam, but it is entirely useless. You retain me by force; but take care that your prisoner does not escape from you; for he will break his chain at the very moment he quits it.

Dare to repeat that again—put my courage to so terrible a proof, and you shall see—perfidious young man!

I shall go every where in pursuit of you ;  
I shall surprise you with my rival ; I shall  
kill her !—I shall kill you !—I shall kill  
myself !—and even in my last moments I  
shall demonstrate how much I love you,  
notwithstanding your ingratitude !

Good Heaven!—Where am I ?

What do I say ?

I no longer know myself.

Faublas—

My friend, be not angry—do not depart  
—you do not utter a single word—you  
repel me—ah ! pardon me !—look—I weep  
—I am fallen at your feet.

I was affected—I was softened. I raise,  
I console her ; we converse more calmly  
on the subject ! we enter into a treaty to-  
gether. I obtain, on my part, that she  
shall instantly recal these orders by means  
of which her Swiss keeps me under arrest ,  
and she, on her's, had influence enough to  
procure my promise, that I should not  
make use of my liberty.

## CHAP. XIII.

*A dissertation on pensions—Some account of the mode in which they were distributed during the ancient government of France—Sensibility an excellent cosmetic—A journey to the country—Description of a rural festival.*

NEXT morning, however, I felt myself, extremely uneasy at my imprisonment; and was at length determined to see Justine. I accordingly began once more to mention my sister to the countess, and the old dispute was again about to be renewed, and perhaps with additional warmth, when a loud rat-tat-tat was heard at the door, and the count's carriage drove into the court yard with uncommon velocity.

M. Lignolle himself, in a moment after, enters his wife's apartment, and exclaims, Felicitate me, ladies, I beseech you!

Compliment me upon the present happy occasion.

I am the luckiest man in all the world!

I have actually brought with me from Versailles the *brevet* for a pension of 2000 crowns per annum.

For whom? replies the countess with a dissatisfied air.

For myself, to be sure; rejoins he, rubbing his hands at the same time.

I am very well contented, sir, continues she), since you appear happy; but what is a pension of 6000 livres to you?

I am sorry that I could not really obtain a larger one?

You do not understand me.

Far from complaining of the smallness of the pension, I am only astonished that you should have solicited it at all. You, sir, who possess more than 1,200,000 livres of landed property, and to whom I have brought double that sum in marriage?

One, Madam, can never be too rich!

Alas! sir, many worthy people are not sufficiently so.

Why do you not permit the bounty of the court to be bestowed upon those who actually stand in need of it?

It is true, replies the count, again rubbing his hands, that I had a number of rivals; but I was not the only person favoured. The *brevets* granted on this occasion are as follows: D'Apremont, whom you know . . . .

One of his estates is worth twenty thousand crowns!

And de Verseuil . . . .

He holds a lucrative place in one of the provinces!

. . . . And d'Herival; also .

His uncle, who was himself formerly in the ministry, has loaded him with riches which he dissipates, and with honours, of which he is unworthy.

. . . . And Flainville . . .  
he . . . .

Has by stockjobbing quadrupled the hereditary estate of his forefathers.

. . . . And a Monsieur de St. Prée  
. . . . but no, I am in the  
wrong, for he has not obtained any thing.

Ha! that brave man! has not he obtained any thing? exclaim I. What a pity!

Do you know him? says the countess.

Yes, Madam. he is a veteran officer of great and uncommon courage . . . .

. . . You cannot, without admiration, behold the wounds with which his body is scarred; and the recital of the misfortunes which have bereaved him of his patrimonial fortune, would interest you greatly.

Is he poor? adds she.

Very poor. Government has indeed



been kind enough to receive the eldest of his sons into the military school, and placed his youngest daughter at St. Cyr.\*

Has he many children?

Three more, who, like himself, languish in neglect, in an obscure village of Languedoc.

Good Heavens! is it not horrible that courtiers, who wallow in opulence should bereave such an unfortunate family of its only resource? (*turning towards her husband*) Are not you ashamed?

Ashamed at what? replies the Count. If this gentleman is unfortunate let him complain; if he is forgotten, let him exhibit himself:—what does he do at the end of the world?—Let him quit his province, and come to Versailles.

Let him appear in the anti-chamber.

Is it my business to go in search of him?

He has made a few unfortunate campaigns—

Very well.

Have not ten thousand officers been wounded as well as he, and is he not rewarded as they have been?

It is not his scars that a man ought to

\* An establishment for young ladies of quality, founded by Madame de Maintenon.

carry with him to court; there, it is a man's business to form useful friends, be patient, and make use of importunity. If M. de St. Prée is not deficient in any of these essentials, his turn will at length come.

The countess replies with great vivacity, —And without you, his turn, perhaps, would have actually arrived!

M. de Lignolle now affecting an air of superiority—rejoins—What a child you are! You have not the least knowledge of the world! Suppose, that in order to give place to that gentleman, I had been polite enough to have withdrawn my claims, others less delicate than myself would have anticipated his pretensions: Besides, if in life we were to be thus harassed with a multitude of petty individual considerations, one would never think of himself!

Madame de Lignolle at this blushes, turns pale, strikes her feet against the carpet, and, turning towards me, speaks as follows:

Brumont, do you comprehend all this? these are arguments that actually put me beside myself!—Sir, I do not understand, as you very justly observe, either the world, or the human heart; or, what is still more, God be praised; all these fine

reasonings; but I listen to the voice of my conscience! It tells me, that you, this very day, have misled the ministers, deceived the king, and robbed the unfortunate—

Madam, that last expression—

Yes, sir, *robbed*, I say.

The husband now endeavours to run out; the wife takes hold of, and prevents him; and then with a calmer accent continues, If you do not find means within a few days to get your pension made over to M. de St Prée, I declare to you, that I myself will undertake to transmit him two thousand crowns annually, by means of an indirect channel, and by way of restitution.

With all my heart, if you please, Madam; for this is not above one-third of the sum which you yourself receive by way of *pin money*.

Do not flatter yourself with that, dear Sir; I shall not touch a single farthing of my revenue. Although I am not obliged to render you any account of this part of my conduct, yet I shall now repeat what I have said to you a thousand times, that I will never throw away twenty thousand livres upon my *toilette*, while there are so many miserable wretches upon your estates, actually pining away their lives in want of the mere necessaries of life! The sums

I save by means of my economy, shall all be applied in this manner. As to the debt which you have contracted in respect to M. de St. Prée, you shall acquit that out of our common fortune; if you throw it upon me, I shall actually raise the necessary fund upon my diamonds; and when I have sent them to *Mont-de-Piété*,\* we shall see whether or not you will take them out again.

- No, Madam, I shall not redeem them.

No! do you dare to say *no* to me? I tell you, once for all, that *it is my pleasure*, and that it shall be so! If you wish to live in peace, M. le Comte, you had better not to enrage me.

I have relations, I have friends, I have reason on my side; and on such an occasion as the present, it will not be difficult to obtain a separation.

I know that the loss of my person will not affect you much; but that of my estates!—ah! it will be accompanied with the most bitter regret.

Look, Brumont, (addressing herself to me) for I will not be any longer silent; behold the most insensible and avaricious man in all the world! Every day of my

\* A place where money is lent upon pledges.

life am I obliged to dispute with him, in order to prevent the commission of some piece of injustice. During the whole six months we have lived together, I never once have had the satisfaction to see him succour or assist one single unfortunate being!

His only happiness is to heap up money. He actually makes a god of his wealth!

To-day he has augmented his riches; to-morrow he lives in hopes of doing the same!

And ask him, for what?

For children?

He will never beget any thing . . . unless it may be a poor paltry charade!

A poor paltry charade!

And this he loves, merely because it does not cost him any thing.

*Apropos* of children, Sir, I wish once more to see mine. During last autumn, I was desirous to make a tour in the Gâtinois, but you detained me, under pretence of returning my marriage visits; since that period, I have learned that you have taken a journey there, which you endeavour to conceal from me. Now, by what I know of you, this mysterious visit alarms me exceedingly, on account of my poor peasants.

## CHEVALIER DE FAUBLAS. 239

Sir, *it is my pleasure* that they do not alter their condition ; *it is my pleasure*, sir, that the vassals of the Marchioness d'Armincour, shall not have to lament that they have become those of the Countess de Lignolle.

Good people ! my aunt educated me in the midst of you ! She converted your honourable labours into my first pleasures, and your innocent pleasures into my most charming occupations !

She taught me to love you ; she taught me to respect you ; she taught me to find my own happiness in yours, to become proud of your love, and rich with your prosperity ! Often has she asked me, and I still remember the question with delight,

“ Eleonora, is it not very agreeable, at your time of life, to have as many children as there are inhabitants in the village ? ”

Yes, you are my children ! Yes, good people, I will restore your mother to you again—she is not yet too old—and I hope you will still see her with transport, encouraging your labours, superintending your diversions, opening your balls, presiding at your banquets, recompensing your industrious young men, and portioning your maidens.

The eyes of the countess, the laughing, playful, countess, are now full of tears.

Sir, continues she, I shall set out to-morrow.

To-morrow, Madam ! it is too early — the season —

Pardon me, sir, the spring, which now approaches, will bring fine weather along with it. To-morrow, without fail, I shall depart for my estate at the Gâtinois ; I shall remain there some days, and shall then return in search of my aunt, whose business will be by that time finished ; afterwards I shall spend a few weeks with her in Franche-Comté. I have children there also.

But, Madam —

Say not a single word more, Sir, the whole matter is decided. I shall carry Mademoiselle de Brumont with me. If you please, you may accompany us. Have you any business to detain you ? Do not put yourself to any inconvenience : I have no manner of occasion, either in my labours or my pleasures, for a man equally incapable of contributing to the happiness, or of compassionating the miseries of any body.

At that very instant she issues orders for

preparing her trunks and her post-coach, while M. de Lignolle departs discontented, but submissive.

The countess still continues to shed a few tears: I behold the most tender and interesting passion lingering upon that countenance which had been but lately disfigured with anger; and my heart participates in that delicious sentiment with which hers seemed now to be penetrated.

Sensibility, the daughter of Providence, and sometimes of misfortune—the sister of commiseration, and mother of beneficence—sensibility, I think, is one of those virtues, or rather accomplishments, which, for the eternal propagation of our species, has been given to the fair sex, expressly on purpose to make them appear more amiable; at least I have always thought, that there never was a woman so old, who did not immediately look young when compassion mantled upon her cheek; and such is the power of this inestimable gift, that while it embellishes the least handsome, it adds a thousand charms to the most beautiful.

Think, then, how much more charming than ever Madame de Lignolle appeared to me at this very moment; and, gentle reader, if you are acquainted with the world, you



must be the less surprised to hear, that a cause in itself worthy of eulogiums, should produce sometimes effects in their own nature truly commendable.

A few minutes after his departure, M. de Lignolle returned to his wife's apartment—but somehow or another it happened that the door was locked.

Have you shut yourselves in? exclaims he.

Yes, Sir, replies Madame de Lignolle in a hurried tone of voice.

What are you always doing together?

We are studying a new *charade* !

And why may not I be admitted?

Because I do not like to be deranged when I am *composing*. Return in a quarter of an hour, and by that time we shall have finished our lesson. . . . .

Eleonora, my charming friend, say I, I heard you with transport, a few minutes since, preaching up to the heart of your phlegmatic husband those virtues which I adore. You become every instant more dear to me.

Very good ! this is what my aunt always told me. She continually instilled it into my mind, that an air of benevolence added more to the charms of a woman, than all

the caps in Mademoiselle Bertin's\* shop. She was surely in the right, since my lover thinks so. O how happy am I, exclaims she, at the same time frisking about with joy—how happy am I in being good, since it renders me amiable in his eyes! I promise you, Faublas, to become every day more so. My friend, I have indeed faults like the rest of the world—I am giddy, imperious, passionate—but, after all, there is not a better woman in existence than myself. You will daily discover good qualities in me; you shall see! you shall see!—To-morrow you shall accompany me to my estate in the country.

I shall be extremely happy in attending you; but if you set out to-morrow, it is absolutely necessary that I should see my sister Adelaide first.

After a long dispute, I at length carried this important point.

A hackney coach is instantly called; I give orders to be driven to Adelaide's convent; but after I had left the court-yard, I pull the string, and request to be set down at Justine's.

The lazy Madame de Moutdesir was

\* The most fashionable milliner in Paris.

still in bed, attended by M. de Valbrun, who was conversing along with her.

The moment that Mademoiselle de Brumont was announced, they both desired me to enter, and I was received like a common friend. I know not if the mind of the count was entirely exempt from jealousy, and I have some doubts whether he was so happy to see me as he affected to be: I am sure, however, that Justine made many awkward efforts in order to conceal from her keeper that she preferred M. de Faublas to M. de Valbrun—the poor creature was not yet hacknied enough in her trade to throw the veil of impenetrable hypocrisy over her passions.

In order to relieve her from her embarrassment, I began to speak about my own affairs.

She appeared sorry that she had not any news to present me with from Madame de B—; and she most willingly charged herself with the trouble of informing her, that I was to set off next morning with Madame de Lignolle, for the *Chateau de ———*

From the *Palais Royal*\* I instantly drove to *Croix-des-petits-champs*; but, un-

\* Now termed, *Jardin de la revolution*.

willing to hurt my sister; by appearing before her in my present disguise, I contented myself with writing a billet to her in the coach, in which I told her that I was well, and that I intended to go into the country for a week.

In fine, Madame de Lignolle and I set out in the afternoon of the next day; and the count, who pretended to be occupied about business, made us extremely happy by informing us that he could not rejoin us in less than a fortnight.

It is unnecessary to tell the reader that I was amused with this journey; he himself perhaps knows how agreeable it is to fly along the road in company with a woman who one is extremely attached to.

We had scarcely travelled five hours when we arrived at a castle, situated at least twenty leagues from Paris.

We had not as yet dined, and I, who am always (thanks to kind Providence) favoured with a keen appetite; was very anxious to sit down to table; but the countess was occupied with something which she deemed to be infinitely more essential—this was ordering a bed to be made up for me in her own apartment.

In the mean time the news of our arrival was spread over all the manor of which Madame de Lignolle was lady, and

a vast crowd of people assembled at the castle in the course of the evening. .

The countess did not receive the melancholy and ceremonious compliments of a provincial gentry, proud of their useless and ridiculous genealogy ; nor of a few merchants enriched with trade, and still more proud of their newly-acquired privileges : her numerous visitors consisted of those people, almost every where disdained, and every where respectable, notwithstanding our pretended *people of fashion* have endeavoured to persuade themselves that the first of all arts is nothing more than a base and despicable employment !

Less credulous, and more fortunate, each of the honest peasants, whom I saw, appeared to have a consciousness of his own talents in particular, and a noble pride in general, in respect to every thing connected with his station.

All discovered, in the presence of Madame de Lignolle, a certain air of modest assurance ; all had become men since a woman had protected them ; every one felicitated his neighbour on the return of the countess, appeared afflicted at not beholding the marchioness, and prayed Heaven to restore to the niece those blessings which the aunt had bestowed upon them.

Pressing around my charming mistress, the women overwhelmed her with thanks and eulogiums; the girls covered her with flowers; the boys contended with each other who should first kiss her robe.

Worthy of the love which she inspired, Madame de Lignolle recollected all their names;—she addressed to old Margaret the most affecting thanks, to the good Nicholas an obliging question, a flattering compliment to the youthful Adelaide, and the most engaging caresses to little Lucas. She enquired, in the kindest terms, concerning their private affairs. In short, she appeared to be a tender mother, just restored to the bosom of a happy family.

Eleonora, said I to her—my dear Eleonora, you merit to be the object of general love, for you appear to feel it in the most lively manner.

I do indeed, my friend, I assure you. I am affected even to tears; never, in the course of the whole winter, has the most interesting tragedy struck me half so much. Tell me why a number of opulent persons, who at their own estates, never do good to any body, run to Paris, in order to cry at the theatres over fictitious evils?

They never weep, my dear Eleonora; none but *plebeians* shed tears at our trage-

dies. The people who pretend to fashion do not even know when an actor is on or off the stage; they go to the play-house merely to ogle in the boxes, to kiss hands, and salute each other.

You are perhaps in the right; I have actually thought so myself sometimes; it is on that account therefore that I have come to a determination to pass the greatest part of the year at one of my estates, and to employ the money in charitable purposes which a box at one of the theatres would have cost me. Nay, I am resolved to remain where I am, provided you do not leave me, Faublas—provided you remain constant to me.

Why should I not remain so, my dear friend? Where shall I find so many virtues mingled with so much—

I could not say more.—O, my Sophia, a sigh escaped me at the recollection of thy charms, and I became unable to conclude the sentence!

Do you not think my peasants are very handsome? I am actually tempted to believe that there are a great number of children born in my village, and that they are handsome merely because their fathers and mothers are content with their lot.

Do not doubt it, my dear Madam ; but commerce, so fatal to the human species, by the dangerous labours which it occasions, by the long voyages which it commands, by the frequent wars which it renders necessary—commerce is continually bereaving agriculture of its supports. Luxury, and the destructive scourge which it constantly brings along with it, comes into our country, and decimates the choice of our youth, which it precipitates into the vast abyss of capitals, in which whole generations are swallowed up. What are they who are in general left to cultivate our desert fields?—a few melancholy slaves, condemned to the oppression of the Lords of the earth, who, by means of the inequality of distributions, being able to entail upon themselves idleness with respect, and exemptions with riches, leave their vassals to enjoy misery and scorn, toil and imposts.

If misery subdues the soul, chagrin affects the body. Gnawing cares become engraved upon the countenance, where they leave features more hideous than the wrinkles of old age, and the deformities of ugliness ; and these marks of reprobation an unfortunate father transmits to his posterity, whom he devotes to every species of ignominy.



It is thus that the individual becomes bastardised, as it were, at the very moment that the number of the species is diminished. Wherever you see the peasantry few in number, and exceedingly ugly, you may boldly pronounce that they are miserable.

While I was thus conversing with the countess, more than a hundred plates were spread upon an immense circular table, that nearly occupied the whole of the saloon, composed of green turf, which was in a moment after illuminated with candles.

A number of musicians arrive—and the impatient youth, ranged around us, wait for the signal to dance.

Madame de Lignolle instantly seizes the hand of a handsome young man; I do the same—and the ball instantly commences on a fine verdant spot, which had been prepared on purpose.

The hour of supper appears to arrive too soon, both for the female dancers and their lovers; but it seems sufficiently late for their fathers and mothers, who are always on such occasions more anxious to sit down to table than their children.

I assisted the countess in doing the honours of the feast; and we did not retire

until all the guests had drank several bumpers to their hostess and her beloved aunt, and until the old men had begun to sing songs in honour of the god Bacchus, and the young ones to chaunt hymns to Love.

## CHAP. XIV.

*Description of a grotto sacred to charades—  
—The Chevalier receives a challenge—  
Thoughts on duelling—Faublas is discovered by his wife—An affecting scene—  
He returns to Paris.*

WE did not rise next day until noon. The alert countess made me accompany her for several hours through her park. At length a garden, laid out in the English style, invited us to take refuge in the shade of its mazy windings.

A gentle zephyr seemed to balance in the air the foliage of the cedar and the aspin, the maple and the larch, the plantain and the acacia.

Upon their branches, entwined and mingled together, a thousand birds carolled out their notes of pleasure; while a brook, now rapid, now gentle in its course, caressed, with its silvery waves, those flowers which embroidered its banks. At the bottom of a thick grove, formed by the lilac, the rose-tree, the honey-suckle, and the hawthorn, interlaced together, was a mysterious grotto, seemingly dedicated to Love.

I advance, overjoyed, towards it; but, good Heavens! what was my astonishment when I read the following inscription at its entrance.

“THIS GROTTO IS SACRED TO CHARADES.”

“This grotto is sacred to charades!” cry I—“A grotto sacred to charades!” exclaims the countess. There is no occasion to enquire, continues she, whether my *poetical husband* visited this place during the course of the last winter: Faublas, dare you accompany me?

On this, we instantly enter the sacred retreat of the muses, and sit down upon a bed of moss. The happy grotto would perhaps have been dedicated to Venus, if it had not been for the approach of some profane foot.

It was no other than M. de Lignolle himself, who now surprised us by means of his unexpected arrival, and who actually thought that we had chosen so propitious a place in order to compose *charades* and solve *enigmas*.

In the afternoon, Madame de Lignolle insisted upon my accompanying her to visit her vassals.

Next morning she proposed to me to go with her in the carriage, in order to

meet her husband, who had gone to the chace.

At about half a league from the castle we alighted, in order to ascend a little hill before us on foot. We had already reached its summit, and Madame de Lignolle's people were at a considerable distance from us, when we saw a man, who came up to us at a full gallop, and, then stopping his horse, surveyed us with great curiosity.

What do you want? says the countess.

I have got a letter for Mademoiselle de Brumont, replies he.

Give it to me, says my mistress.

I must deliver it into her own hand, replies the cavalier.

I am her—

No!—*that is him*, at the same time pointing to me.

Saying this, he presented me with a note, and departed with the same speed that he had arrived.

I instantly unseal and read the letter.

Tell me the contents, Faublas! exclaims she—you grow pale!—Tell me instantly—shew me the billet.

I cannot.

No!

Before I could divine her intentions, the nimble and active countess snatches the

unlucky paper out of my hand, and puts it into her pocket.

We instantly descend the hill—we regain the road that led to the castle; but notwithstanding my most pressing and reiterated requests, I could not prevail upon her to restore me my letter.

The countess having re-entered her apartment, instantly shut herself up in her dressing room, and then read the fatal epistle.

It was a challenge, conceived in the following terms:

“You were a long time Mademoiselle Duportail—you are at present Mademoiselle de Brumont: I have read it in your physiognomy, that you will all your lifetime follow the trade of deceiving husbands and seducing wives.

“It is in my power to interest a second person in my quarrel, by divulging your secret; but you may easily believe that I should be ashamed to act in such a manner.

“If you are not really become a woman, you will not fail to repair, within three days, that is, on the 10th of this present month of March, to the Forest of Compeigne, and to stop at the second road which crosses it towards the left.

“I shall be there from five to seven

o'clock in the evening, without either friends or domestics; and I shall not carry with me any other arms than my sword.

(Signed)

“The MARQUIS DE B\*\*\*.

Madame de Lignolle returned in about two minutes, and instantly precipitated herself in my arms.

You must go, my friend! exclaims she, you must go! I am not the woman who would advise you to do any thing contrary to your honour—Let us first dine, and then we shall set off instantly. The tenth of the present month! this already is the ninth, and you have to travel nearly forty leagues; there is not a single moment to be lost.

It is but too true, my friend.

Very well! we shall arrive in Paris this evening; to-morrow, by five o'clock, you will have reached Compeigne; and before the conclusion of the day, you shall kill the Marquis! You must kill him! that is positive, for he is in possession of our secret. It is, however, very cruel to take away the life of any one—to have the death of a fellow creature to reproach one's conscience with. No, Faublas, no, —do not kill him—wound him only! and

make him pledge you his word of honour that he will never disclose any thing.

Yes, my friend.

And will you return in order to assure me that the whole business is successfully concluded?—Or will it not be better for me to accompany you? What think you?

Yes, my friend.

Good heavens! you constantly answer *yes!* without hearing a single word that I have told you.

I heard, but I did not understand.

Affrighted at the misfortunes which menaced me, I reflected with despair, that a new duel was about to bereave me, a second time, of my country—of my friends—of the Marchioness—of my sister—of my father—alas, too, of my Sophia!—and shall I tell you the whole truth?—of this little Madame de Lignolle, whom I discovered every day to be more amiable and interesting than before!

A few hours after this, M. de Lignolle returned from hunting. He instantly commenced a long history of the sport he had enjoyed, and of the hares he had killed; but Madame de Lignolle put an end to his eulogiums on the game laws, by informing him that we were about to dine and depart.



The count received the news with astonishment, but with pleasure; and he instantly agreed to accompany us. The Countess, who would have liked much better to have travelled with me alone, started several difficulties; but, unfortunately for our happiness, the sagacious husband had discovered that he could save a few shillings by taking a seat in the carriage.

We were about to leave table, when the steward came and produced a new lease for one of the peasants whom we had visited on the preceding afternoon.

The count, astonished at this circumstance, looks it over, and finds an abatement of twenty pounds.

Ha! who commanded this?

The countess!

And how had you the presumption to present it to me?

Because my lady told me that if you did not sign it this very day, I should be dismissed.

I will not!

A look, however, from his wife, instantly alters his resolutions, and he grumbles and signs the lease; which kept the steward in his employment, and prevented honest Bastein and his seven children from ruin and beggary.

At length we set out upon our journey.

The profound and melancholy air of Madame de Lignolle announced to me, that her mind was entirely occupied about those misfortunes which menaced our amours; and yet, I believe, that I myself was infinitely more unquiet—more sad than herself.

This combat, reprov'd by just laws, commanded by tyrannical honour—this fatal duel, which I was now posting to fight, tormented me horribly.

I know not how it came about, but a presentiment, at once agreeable and cruel, gave me notice, that the most interesting moment of my whole life was at hand; and that, in a few minutes, I should find myself in the most embarrassing situation in which a man of great sensibility could possibly be placed, attacked at one and the same time by all the force of the passions, and the most unhappy and most unexpected coincidence of events.

We had already travelled two leagues.

At some distance I discovered the town of Nemours, and near to us the belfry of Fromonville.

At that moment Madame de Lignolle began to find herself unwell.

The indisposition with which she was

attacked made me tremble with a mixed sensation of pleasure and uneasiness. What joy and what grief for me! My Eleonora is a mother—I am about to leave her—I am about to fight a duel—and in a few hours, perhaps, I shall be obliged to abandon my mistress, my child, and my country.

Thus a thousand different sentiments agitated my mind; but these served only as a feeble prelude to the terrible agitations which my mistress was about to share along with me.

Her husband advised her, and I myself insisted, that she should leave the carriage in order to take a little exercise, which might prove highly serviceable to her health. As she knew the country perfectly well, she said that she should have strength sufficient to cross the fields and walk to the bridge of Moncour, to which place she had ordered the coachman to drive in order to wait for us.

We accordingly left the great road, and, turning to the right, passed through the village of Fromenville. The countess, who had refused the arm of M. de Lignolle, leaned upon mine.

We walked gently along the verdant turf, which at this place covers the bor-

ders of the canal of Briare. Still indisposed, my dear Eleonora by turns hangs down her head, and reclines it upon my shoulder, and from time to time permits a tender sigh and an interesting complaint to escape her.

Her languishing, but satisfied looks, which seemed to announce to me that she knew and cherished the cause of her malady, solicited my love rather than my pity.

As for myself, I frankly avow, that, less affrighted for the moment with the dangers of her situation, than ravished at the idea of being a father, I contemplated, with more pleasure than fear, the alteration that had taken place in her handsome countenance, now become still more beautiful by its interesting paleness.

Both of us were so entirely occupied with each other, that we could not spare a single look for the charming landscape which M. de Lignolle admired so much.

All of a sudden, a shriek of grief, issuing from a small house which I had not as yet taken notice of, enters my ear, and pierces to my very heart.

Good God!

The voice is familiar to me—I instantly dart toward the door—I perceive through a

grating, which prevents all my efforts to enter—I perceive, at the other extremity of a little garden, beneath a covered alley, a young lady who had apparently fainted, and who was carried by two women into a pavillion at a considerable distance, the door of which was instantly shut.

I could not distinguish the features of the unfortunate female ; but I beheld her fine, long auburn locks, which trailed upon the ground !

I beheld that enchanting shape which could only belong to her !

The cry of grief, especially was fully recognized by me.

Yes, I thought that I once more heard that groan of despair, that lamentable shriek, which she uttered at the convent in the Fauxbourg de St. Germain, when the barbarous satellites of the police prevented me from dying in her arms.

Clinging to the bars of the windows, which were but too well fastened, I did not cease to exclaim, “ Help ! help ! she has fainted ! she has fainted ! ”—And I scarce hear Madame de Lignolle, who supplicates my attention, telling me at the same time, that she was also ready to faint away !

A female peasant happening to pass by

at this moment, I questioned her concerning the inhabitants of this house, and I soon learned that both the master and the servants were foreigners. This circumstance confirmed all my former suspicions.

Madame de Lignolle interrupted the young woman more than twenty times, and desired her to begone. Then turning to me—Mademoiselle, says she, do you intend to remain here all night—until we are discovered and ruined?—Cruel as you are, can you abandon me in the state I am now in? Shall I be obliged to implore the pity of strangers?

I now look at Madame de Lignolle, and tremble. She no longer displayed that interesting figure in which the most lively pleasure was seen to combat the most feeble pain; every feature seemed to be distorted. The most inveterate rage discovered itself in her eyes; a pale terror discoloured her forehead; her knees knocked together, and seemed with difficulty to support her; all her limbs appeared to tremble!

At length, partly by means of what she had said, and partly by what I now saw, I recover my senses, and I am instantly apprised of the crowd of dangers which surround us in this critical place, where I am determined obstinately to remain.

If my ear did not deceive me, if my

heart did not mislead me, it was my Sophia whom I but now heard groan—it was she whom I saw faint away!

Doubtless she had not uttered this cry of despair, but on discovering beneath these perfidious clothes, her unfaithful husband.

Since my wife was in this house, Duportail must be there also. The disguised lover of Madame de Lignolle could not hope to escape from the prying eyes of him who had so often been a witness to the metamorphoses of the lover of Madame de B—; and if my inflexible father-in-law should discover me, he would once more carry off my adored spouse—adored still, although betrayed.

M. de Lignolle too, who now advanced, and enquired my reasons for stopping at this house—M. de Lignolle might, by an equally easy and unfortunate explanation, be able to discover the double mystery of my sex, and of my name.

These terrible considerations rushed all at once upon my mind, and contributed to disturb me: In short, I become really affrighted, and took as much pains to run away from the window, as I had done a few minutes before to reach it.

I now squeeze the right arm of the countess with my left hand; with my right

I seize the left arm of her curious husband ; and without examining whether the one person wished, or the other was able to follow me, I drag them upwards of two hundred yards from this fatal house, without stopping a single moment to take breath. I then halt, uncertain what to do; I turn round and look towards the unhappy mansion I had just left.

Alas ! a grove of poplars, perhaps happily for me, intercepts the view of that house where I had overwhelmed with the most bitter despair every thing that was dear to me on earth. My grief is entirely exhausted ; and I have no longer any occasion to conceal my tears, for I am now incapable of shedding any.

In the mean time the countess, who pretended that it would be serviceable to her to walk on, requested me to proceed. It was necessary, therefore, that I should support my unfortunate friend, dissemble my extreme grief, and reply in a satisfactory manner to M. de Lignolle, who followed and asked me a thousand questions.

We at length arrived at *Moncour*.

The countess, overwhelmed with fatigue, precipitates herself into the carriage, and never once opens her mouth, after having given orders to her coachman to drive with the utmost haste to Fon-



tainbleau, where we were to take fresh horses.

M. de Lignolle, who was out of breath with his long walk, was obliged to preserve silence in order to recover himself from his fatigue: I was therefore now able to probe the wound of my heart, and deliver myself up to the most tormenting reflections.

Faublas, where is this carriage conveying you?—Cruel man! whither do you fly with such rapidity?—who is it that you leave behind? . . . Separated during three whole months from him whom she idolizes, she has daily recalled your image to her memory with her tears—but the torments of absence have at least been softened by the consoling idea that a faithful husband was as unhappy as herself.—This morning she without doubt cherished the author of all her misfortunes—this night she ought to hate him. O Sophia! Sophia! when you read my heart, you cannot surely refrain from pitying, pardoning, and again adoring me. It is true that your rival is at this moment by my side; but she is overwhelmed with grief on account of the love that I have promised; on account of the affection that I bear towards thee. She is by my side; but, good Heavens! in what a condition? She sheds torrents of tears; her eye-lids

are red and inflamed with grief, the hand of death seems to lie heavy upon her!—O Sophia! be re-assured, when the happy moment in which I can possess thee hath arrived, I shall not balance between my wife and my mistress!

Eleonora! you cannot think me criminal in flying to her arms. She possesses beauty, virtue—she possesses my early, my first vows—she is united to me by the dearest ties. But, alas! perhaps I shall never again behold Fromonville!

Honour calls me to Compeigne, where I now run to seek—not death—I could, without terror, behold both the Count and the Marquis re-united against me in support of their common quarrel;—not death—but exile, at this moment infinitely more frightful than death. Execrable power of opinion! it is in order to immolate an enemy justly irritated against me, that I at the same time leave two charming women; it is inflexible honour that commands this odious sacrifice. The most horrible tortures could not have determined me; a barbarous prejudice now forces me!

Mademoiselle! cries M. de Lignolle, who had been musing for some minutes past, I have composed one of the prettiest *rebuses* in the whole world; and I will lay you any

sum of money, that you are not able to guess the word.

May Heaven exterminate, say I in a low voice, all the race of *rebuses*, *charades*, and *enigmas* !—I then tell the count, in a little louder tone, that I insisted on being left to my meditations. He was about to answer me—but a look from his wife precluded all reply.

CHAP. XV.

*A tender and interesting dialogue—An unexpected rencounter—The Chevalier goes to the Forest of Compeigne—is seized and sworn to secrecy—A duel after the manner of ancient times.*

WE did not arrive in the capital until three o'clock in the morning. The countess, who would scarcely permit her husband to enter her bed chamber, instantly dismissed all her women; and then throwing herself into my arms —

Faublas, says she, do not deceive me! —Have you not beheld your Sophia?

Yes, my dear friend, that is actually the truth.

How unhappy am I! exclaims she: Perhaps you design to abandon me?

Do you intend to return from Compeigne here, without stopping any where? without going to any other house whatever?

But my wife—

Very well! your wife?

My wife, who has so long—

How happy is she in being your wife! in having legitimate rights to you, because she said *yes* in a church! for this is

all the difference between us. Like her, you have deceived, you have seduced me: I am however content; and I actually idolize you, as she does . . . And my illness . . . do you take that to be nothing? It is your child, sir, that is the occasion of it . . . I do not complain, however; I am not sorry at what I have done; on the contrary I rejoice at it! My present situation may expose—may ruin me perhaps! Let my rank and riches, however, be wrested from me; I consent, I consent to it with all my heart, provided I am left my liberty, and my lover. . . . Yes, I am enchanted at being a mother—and this is at least one advantage that I have over your Sophia—your wife! . . . and, ungrateful young man! do you think to leave me in my present situation?

But, my dear friend, recollect that I am entirely ignorant of my own fate: before the conclusion of to-morrow night, the question will no longer be, if I shall return to Paris—but, whether I shall quit France?

It is in vain that you would endeavour to deceive me; it is at Fromonville that you hope to find an asylum! . . . I declare to you, sir, that if you repair thither, I shall instantly follow you. I also declare, that I shall accompany you to

Compeigne—that I shall accompany you every where—and that I shall attend upon your steps like your shadow; in short, you shall never be able to disembarass yourself of me, but by immolating me by the side of your enemy.

For heaven's sake be calm, and hear me !

No—I will not hear any thing unless you promise to grant me my petition. Faublas, I conjure you to promise me, that you will not visit Sophia to-morrow, and that I shall be permitted to accompany you when you meet the Marquis; that I shall be present in order to aid you with my counsels, and to encourage you with my voice; that you shall fight under my eye, before me—before the mother of your child. Ah ! you shall then be invincible !

The countess now throws herself at my knees, which she instantly embraces, and bathes with her tears.

The most insensible of men could not have resisted her supplications; I therefore promised every thing that she required.

Although we were to set off by dawn of day, we resolved to go to bed, and take a few hours rest, for Madame de Lignolle had equal need of consolation and repose. We accordingly retire; and the countess, exhausted with fatigue, soon enjoys a profound sleep.

This was exactly what her unhappy lover expected; her lover, from whom pity had wrested an untruth, and who was now forced by imperious necessity to commit a perfidy.

At length the fatal morning arrives. I throw off the bed-clothes with great precaution; I slide gently towards the edge of the bed; I cross the carpet with a measured and a careful step; I dress myself without making any noise; I press the lips of the countess with my own; I bid her a tender, but a mute farewell, and I instantly, depart.

It was my unhappy lot to encounter M. de Lignolle in the court yard, who was already up, and just about to step into his carriage.

He expressed his surprise at seeing me at so early an hour, and insisted on setting me down. I wished to have a hackney coach, but he was obstinate in pressing me to accept his protection; and I, dreading lest the countess should awake, was obliged to comply.

At length we entered; and, after some time spent in reflection, I desired the coachman to drive to Madame de Fonce's.

We arrive in a few minutes at the door of

her hotel. I descend; and as I was about to enter the court yard, I meet M. de Belcour\* coming out.

He instantly recolects me, and exclaims:

What! have I found you once more?—This accident, and your present disguise—

Trembling for the consequences, I instantly interrupt and address him as follows:

Permit me, sir, to present this gentleman to you: he is the Count de Lignolle, the husband of that young Countess, with whom—

The count, who overheard us, now alights, throws himself on the neck of my father, and felicitates him on having a daughter of such great abilities as to be able to solve every *enigma*, *rebus*, or *charade*, that was presented to her. He then adds:

We resign her to you only for a few hours; but we expect that you will be kind enough to bring her back to-morrow yourself.

M. de Belcour excuses himself; M. de Lignolle insists. Mademoiselle de Bru-

\* The Baron de Faublas, the Chevalier's father.



mont, says she, must return speedily, for my wife is not very well.

The Baron, who had already become impatient, replies, I am extremely sorry, but—

Sir, I will never leave you until you give me your promise: my wife is always unhappy whenever your daughter is out of her sight; therefore M. de Brumont, you must—

The baron, unable to suffer this any longer, and carried away by his vivacity, now exclaims; For Heaven's sake, sir, permit me to regulate my own movements! Then darting a terrible look at me, he continues:

Is it not very horrible that you always bring me into scrapes by your improper and audacious conduct?

Dreading the violence of the baron's temper, I precipitate myself into his arms, and cry out:

O my father! do you forget the unhappy affair at *Porte Maillet*!\*

These few words produced a sudden effect upon his temper, and rendered him cool enough to make a thousand apologies to M. de Lignolle. That gentleman, however, appeared still astonished at the

\* The scene of the Chevalier's duel.

late passion of the pretended M. de Brumont. In order to dissipate all his suspicions upon the subject, I thought myself obliged, in a low and mysterious tone of voice, to speak to him as follows :

Madame de Fonrose has doubtless told you, that certain family affairs have obliged my father to live *incognito* for some time past; and yet you wish that he should come and see you, and have actually called him by his own name in the public street.

Ah ! how much am I shocked at my imprudence ! says the count to the baron.

And I at my vivacity ! replies the other.

The count now takes his leave. The moment he was out of sight, we called a hackney coach, which, in its way to the Place de Vendome, left me sufficient time to relapse into a reverie.

Although solely occupied with the despair which the unexpected sight of my wife had thrown me into ever since yesterday, I however had the appearance of listening with great attention to all the sage and parental admonitions which M. de Belcour now lavished upon me. The sound of his voice penetrated no farther than my ear, and I was not drawn out of my lethargy but by the last words of his

long reprimand :—*the misfortunes of Sophia whom you forget!*

No ! I forget them not ! I can never forget them—but they shall not be of long continuance !——To-morrow, father—to-morrow—and you from this day—Ah ! pardon me ! I do not know what I am saying !—Do you alight here ? You are going to see Adelaide ? I cannot present myself in the parlour in my present dress ; I must return home, in order to change my clothes. You shall hear from me in an hour.

The Baron, whose countenance exhibited a heart torn with sufferings, took his leave of me, without saying a single word.

I arrived in a few minutes at our hotel. Jasmin was standing sentinel at the door ; the rogue smiled at seeing me in a female habit, and whispered, that Madame de Montdesir had sent twice, in the course of the morning, in order to enquire for me.

Make haste, Jasmin, and dress my hair—

As a lady or gentleman, sir ?

And, in the mean time, bring pen, ink, and paper, and order our horses to be prepared—and let me have my sword—and my own clothes.

While my faithful valet was complying with some of my numerous requisitions, I snatched up a pen, and after giving my father a particular account of the place where Sophia was concealed, I concluded my letter as follows:

“Depart, my dear father, I conjure you to depart immediately for Fromouville. Let not Duportail again escape from you. See him; enquire into his motives; discover his intentions; bend him to your purpose: make him restore his adorable daughter; and carry my dear Adelaide along with you.

“The two friends will be extremely happy to see one another. Let the presence of Adelaide announce to Sophia, the speedy return of Faublas:—let the tender caresses of the sister prepare her for the transports of the brother—of the brother by whom she is adored, and who, in his turn, idolizes her.

“You cannot be too delicate in regard to the extreme sensibility of Sophia. Deign to disclose to her, with great caution, the news of our approaching re-union. She is at present in despair;—her joy might overpower her.

“I thus confide my dearest interests into your hands: I recommend to your care whatever is most respectable, most excel-

lent, most charming in the world; I recommend to you all that I adore on earth.

“Why do not I myself fly at this very moment to Fromonville? Alas! I am obliged to go elsewhere. Is it necessary to observe, that the most indispensable business forces me to do so?—However, be not alarmed; to-morrow, before noon, I shall see my father and my wife; I swear it by her and by you!”

I instantly dress, then seal and transmit my letter to the baron. Jasmin soon after receives my orders to wait for me at Porte St. Martin, and I myself run to Madame de Montdesir's.

There I found Madame de B—, transformed into the Vicomte de Floryville. I instantly inform her that I had discovered the retreat of my Sophia, and supplicate her aid in order to restore her to my arms. She promises faithfully to assist me; and after telling me with a mysterious air, that she was obliged to go into the country about some indispensable business, takes her leave with a sigh, while an unusual melancholy pervades all her countenance.

At Porte St. Martin I find my faithful domestic, who follows me to Bourget:—there I order him to carry back my horse to Paris, then throw myself into a post-chaise,

and, before five o'clock in the evening, I find myself at the appointed place in the Forest of Compeigne. I had scarcely walked about for the space of five minutes, when two men suddenly rush out from a thicket, and put a pair of pistols to my breast.

Instead of robbing me, as I expected, they ask if I am a gentleman?—I do not hesitate a moment to answer, "Yes!"

In that case, sir, reply they, you must instantly put on this mask, and remain the spectator of a duel which two persons of quality are about to fight.

I do not vaunt myself as a man of quality; but it is very true that, with some fortune, I possess an ancient name; I myself have a rendezvous here in order to fight. Perhaps you deceive yourselves; perhaps I am destined to be one of the actors in this unfortunate scene, of which you require me to remain a tranquil spectator.

Sir, we shall soon know if that be the case; in the mean time put on the mask, and pledge your honour.

It may be readily imagined that I did, and promised every thing that they desired me.

Nearly an hour had passed away since I found myself in this situation, and I began to be very uneasy; when all of a sud-

den I hear a noise at the end of the alley, which was bounded by the great road. In a few minutes afterwards I behold a post-chaise, surrounded with several men, armed and masked, enter the field where I stood. It appeared to me, that this troop, which I at first imagined to be composed entirely of assassins, had bound the lacquey and the postillion, and obliged their master to dismount.

Trembling lest he should be massacred before my face, I resolved, in the first transports of my rash zeal, to dart forward in order to assist him; but the two men, who still kept watch over me, prevented me, by saying, "This is the critical moment; think on the honour which you have pledged to us."

In the mean time the stranger advances with a firm and deliberate air. The nearer he approached, the more I thought that I recollected the features of an old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for a long time. When he was but a few paces off, one of my guards advances towards him, desires him to stop, and then continues as follows;

A man of honour complains, that you have done him a mortal injury, and is determined to obtain immediate reparation from you; if he falls, he so-

lemnly promises that the event of this combat shall not be known to any body; if he does not die of his wounds, he vows to return to the same place, the moment that he has recovered, in order to sustain his quarrel, which can never be put an end to, but by means of the death of one of the two champions. Enter into the same engagements, M. Le Comte, and swear upon your honour to fulfil them.

Good Heavens! exclaims the young man, I know not any body I have at present the least difference with, unless it be an English nobleman, Lord Springfield, who actually wished to quarrel with me at the instigation of his wife, to whose faded beauties I could no longer pay my court. It must be acknowledged, that these husbands are, in all countries a very singular race of people; and this outlandish one, of all others, appears to me to be the most strange. Does he wish that I should burn with an eternal flame for his languishing moiety? Besides, if he had any resentment against me, why did he not tell me so in his own country? Why did he not repair to Brussels, where I remained I for some time, merely because I was told that he was in search of me? Why does he, after the expiration of several months, come here, attended with this horrid retinue of



men, who resemble assassins, to attack me in my native land, at the very moment when, after a long exile, I re-enter it.—However, if I must fight, I trust it will not be in the English manner—I hope we shall not engage with our fists.

By the sound of his voice, the sight of his person, the gaiety of his discourse, and the air of mockery which he assumed, I instantly discover this to be no other than my old friend the Count de Rosambert. It was then also, that, for the first time, I began to suspect the truth. O Madame de B—! it was for you that my heart quivered with fear!—But I was extremely cautious to exhibit either by my gestures or words, my extreme surprise, and profound terror, for I was bound by a solemn promise.

A horse is now presented to Rosambert, which he is requested to mount; and a pistol, which he is desired to load. The count instantly springs into the saddle, and then turning round to those who surrounded him, addresses them as follows;—‘This is the species of combat so dear to the English nation! Save and except the pistol, this magnificent lord seems to make me, upon this occasion, a thousand years older than I really am. In faith! all this parade seems worthy of the knights of the round

table, and of the heroic days of King Arthur!—Like the champions of that period, he arrests the passengers on the high roads, in order most *graciously* to behold the *tournament*, and the breaking of hostile lances.'

Then turning towards me, he continues, —'Who is this cavalier so handsomely equipped, who stands apart by himself, who does not say a single word, and who dares not to mingle in the throng? Is it a handsome and beautiful damsel whom it is necessary that I should deliver? or some great princess, disguised as a man? I shall love her with the most heroic constancy! But this giant whom I am to vanquish, this famous giant, where is he?'

The stranger who had hitherto conversed with him, addresses Rosambert once more; Mons. le Comte, says he, swear to fulfil the prescribed conditions.

Upon the honour of a gentleman!

One of my guards now gives the signal for the engagement. On this, we instantly perceive a cavalier approach at full speed, from the other extremity of the alley. Rosambert expects him without flinching; but whether he presumed too much upon his own address, or whether he did not preserve all the coolness neces-

sary upon such a trying occasion, he fired too soon upon his enemy, and missed his aim.

The other, on the contrary, exhibiting more address and intrepidity, draws the trigger of his pistol a few seconds later. The ball whistles past the ear of Rosambert, takes off a curl of his hair, and strikes against his hat in such a manner as to force it on one side.

The count, instantly replacing it, exclaims, "This begins to be serious; this handsome mask seems to have had a design against my skull!"

The face of his adversary, which I had now, for the first time an opportunity of examining, was covered with a small piece of painted pasteboard; but I could not prevent myself from shuddering, on beholding the English frock with which the marchioness had appeared before me this very morning at Justine's.

The Vicomte de Florville (for I could no longer doubt but it was him) now turned round his horse, and regained at full gallop the bottom of the alley from which he had at first issued out.

Rosambert, who still pursued him with his eye, exclaims:

"This is the national dress of this English lord; but, by St George! his hat

body is not enclosed within it! Gentlemen," continued he, in a tone of voice in which boldness and scorn were mingled together, "I could not have done the English nation so much injury, as to believe, that its brave inhabitants were accustomed to fight in masquerade, and by proxy. As to the rest, even if he has procured the best marksman in the three kingdoms, I shall endeavour this time to act so, that a foreigner, were he the very devil, shall not be able to boast the honour of having conquered a Frenchman, without exposing himself to some danger. O thou, who never missed a swallow upon the wing, my dear Faublas, where art thou? Why have not I, for the chastisement of a traitor, and for the honour of France—why have not I, at this moment, thy sure and piercing aim, and thy stedfast and deadly hand?"

The count having re-charged his pistol, a new signal is given. Rosambert, this time did not remain immoveable—he pushed forward his horse in a vigorous manner; and the two combatants having encountered nearly in the midst of their career, fired at each other at the distance of five or six paces.

The count's ball only pierced the collar of his adversary's coat, without hurting

him; while he, on the other hand, wounds Rosambert in the right shoulder, and overthrows him upon the earth.

The conqueror, now unmasking, discovers to his vanquished and astonished enemy, the countenance of Madame de B—.

Look, poltroon! cries the marchioness; behold me, and die with shame! It is of a woman that you are now the victim of a woman whom you have so cruelly insulted.

Rosambert appears at first to be overwhelmed with the pain of his wound, and the ignominy of his defeat. In a moment after, he fixes his bewildered eyes upon Madame de B—; but soon resuming his natural character, he addresses the following words to her, in a faint voice, often interrupted with sighs:

What, handsome lady!—It is you—whom I—have—the happiness of seeing again!—How much are the times changed!—Our last interview—amused me much more—This is a strange way of punishing—a young man—who came all the way—from Paris to Luxembourg—in order to procure a little diversion!

Rosambert, replies the marchioness, it is in vain that you would dissemble your rage and grief. Heaven is just! I can

now applaud myself for having thus procured a double vengeance: thy chastisement, which has already commenced, is not likely to be soon concluded. Recollect the conditions of the combat; recollect that my enemy is obliged to preserve my secret, and that after he is cured, he is once more to return here, in order to become my victim.

The count now raising his head, turns it round towards me. This young man, says he, is assuredly the Chevalier . . . . Faublas!

On this, I instantly throw off my mask, and advance towards him.

Let us embrace, continues he—She—has vanquished me—my friend—Be not astonished at it—it is not the first time that she has conquered me. And you—while I invoked your name to be propitious to me—you were here—making vows—against me. But I pardon you—she is—so amiable!—Come and see me at Paris—if I do not go there—just to be—buried.

The marchioness now takes me aside, and speaks to me thus:

Pardon me, Chevalier, for the mystery with which I concealed the danger I was about to expose myself to, and the art which I made us of in order to render

you a witness of it. My lover, alas! beheld the outrage which I experienced from Rosambert, and my friend ought to be present at the reparation of it. I full well knew, that Faublas still preserved so much attachment to me, as readily to undertake to espouse my quarrel; but he would never perhaps have esteemed me enough to think me capable of sustaining it myself.—However (continues she, with an evident joy, mingled with a certain degree of fierceness), you perceive that I did not undertake a task above my strength; when reduced to the frightful necessity of living solely for my vengeance, I promised to astonish you by accomplishing it. At present Chevalier, every thing obscure or equivocal in my conversation is sufficiently explained. As to your own affairs, I have sent my faithful emissaries to Fromonville, and given orders, in case Duportail should once more abandon his retreat, to pursue him wherever he may happen to remove. Since nothing more can detain you here, go, and . . . . .

Madame de B— was at this moment interrupted by piercing cries, that seemed to proceed from the Count de Rosambert's

post chaise which was at a little distance from the great road.

We instantly ran towards the carriage, and saw nobody there but the count, and a surgeon who was occupied in dressing his wounds. We perceived, however, a cabriolet immediately behind it, in which a lady, detained by the same persons who had taken the lacquey and postillion of Rosambert prisoners, was struggling hard to get out.

Great God! exclaims she; men in masks! The crime is perpetrated! They were not able to vanquish, they have therefore assassinated him! Ha! continues she, here he is! here he is! Then, with a mournful accent, she adds, Perfidious young man; is it then true, that you had the inhumanity to take advantage of my sleep, and escape from me?

The marchioness asks me, in a low tone of voice, whether this was not the little countess? I answer in the affirmative, and spring into the arms of my mistress.

Is the whole concluded?, says she; I have heard several shot fired. Who are the people that stopped me? Was it with the sword that you fought? I was all in a flutter—and entirely overcome with affright—Where is your enemy?—Are you the

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conqueror? Why all this crowd? these arms? these masks? My friend how happy am I to see you! O how much affrighted I was! Cruel young man! how could you so basely abandon me?

It was thus that Madame de Lignolle announced to me, by the disorder of her questions, the disorder of her ideas. It would be still more difficult to describe that of her person.

In her countenance, now tender, now clouded, now sparkling with rage, one might have seen, by turns, and almost at one and the same time, the sweet errors of hope, the melancholy reveries of fear, the intoxication arising from a successful love, and the fury of an unfortunate passion! Every muscle seemed to be tormented with a convulsive motion; the expression of every sentiment exhibited the rapidity of lightning.

Do you think, exclaims she, that I could sleep when you were not present?—What horrible, what frightful dreams was I assailed with! The marchioness—your wife—you escaped from me every instant. Have you fought?—Have you killed the marquis?

Come, come, Chevalier! to horse! to horse! you have no time to lose! cries

Madame de B—, who began to be affected with this discourse.

What do you mean by that? retorts the countess, darting, at the same time, a terrible look at the Vicomte de Florville.—Can that time be lost, that is spent in my company? Who is this forward young man?

He is, replied I, a relation of M. de B—.

Chevalier, says the marchioness once more, do you forget that a matter of great consequence calls you hence?

On this, I jump from the step of the cabriolet on horseback.

He is about to fight! cries Madame de Lignolle; I must follow him.

The marchioness, on this, whispers, Be calm, Madam, the combat is concluded.

Concluded!—then it is to Fromonville that he is going?—O! the ungrateful youth! he abandons, he sacrifices me!

She now endeavours to run after me; the servants detain her; she shrieks with rage and fury, and falls down in a fit in the bottom of her carriage.

Who is it that would not have been affected with the situation of the poor

Countess? What heart but must have been moved with her grief? What man but would have trembled at her danger?

The marchioness did not make one single effort to prevent me from alighting; and, re-entering the carriage, I was extremely affected, to see her take the utmost pains in order to restore Madame de Lignolle.

With one hand she supported the head of her rival, and with the other she emptied a smelling bottle upon her face; she then wiped off the cold sweat that ran down her forehead, with her handkerchief.

Poor young lady! says she; behold how dull those eyes are, that but a little while since were so brilliant! What a mortal paleness overspreads those cheeks, that but now possessed a rosy hue!

At length the countess recovers.

Is it you, Faublas? says she; and have you never quitted me? You are very good; remain here. But you, ferocious stranger, (turning to the marchioness), leave us! You are insensible to my misfortunes! You yourself can never have stood in need of the pity of any person?—You have never been in love?

If you knew to whom you make these

reproaches, says the marchioness, taking her at the same time by the hand ; if Madame de Lignolle but knew, that although unhappy, she is less to be lamented than the unfortunate person who now speaks to her, she would retract these words. I myself have burned with that flame which now consumes you ! I myself am acquainted with these temporary pleasures and agreeable regrets. Countess ! unfortunate countess ! you have much yet to suffer, if you are ever doomed to experience the tortures of love as much as I have done.

My eyes happening at this moment to encounter those of the marchioness, I perceive them to be moistened with tears.

Is it then true, continues she, is it then true, that some malignant deity presides over the human destiny, and takes a horrible pleasure in making the most unequal distribution of his gifts ? Is it then true, that by the refinement of a barbarous calculation, he becomes prodigal towards a small number of privileged persons, only to torment, with more certainty, an immense crowd of other individuals, suffering on account of his cruelty ?

You man, alas ! but too much favoured ! the graces which attract, the wit

which seduces, the talents which procure envy, the beauty which creates admiration, the sensibility which pleases the eyes and charms the soul; all these qualities, and a thousand others, the assemblage of which were perhaps never united but in thee—what have they been bestowed for? Has an unpitied destiny only granted them for the despair of your rivals, and the punishment of your mistresses? And constancy, that only virtue of which you are destitute, has not this jealous god refused it to you? Are not all the women who have ever beheld you, invincibly drawn into an immediate affection? alas! and forced to struggle with a long repentance?

The countess heard the marchioness with a certain degree of attention, mingled with astonishment.

Whoever you are, says she; he is well known to you: you speak concerning him, exactly as I myself should have done—and I am a little reconciled to you.—We are now about to bid you adieu; but permit me to put one question to you first, for I frankly confess that I am a little jealous:—A few minutes since you seemed to weep; you are unfortunate in your affections, and this appears to proceed from

the Chevalier; tell me, I pray you, with whom he has supplanted you?

Madam, I am, as you have been just told, a relation of M. de B—, and I adore his wife.

His wife! do not mention her name; I detest her.

You are then ungrateful, for she loves you.

Does she know me?

She has had the pleasure of seeing, and of speaking to you.

Well, it may be so; but she is in the wrong to love me, for I repeat it to you once more, that I detest her.

The reason?

She is dangerous.

Her enemies say so!

An intriguing woman.

The courtiers, indeed accuse her of that.

Not handsome enough to justify all the noise made about her.

All the women allow it.

Besides, she is fond of gallantry.

She does not want either beauty or wit, and of course a few adventures of that kind will be laid to her charge.

A few! say a thousand.

Name some of them.

I am not much in the world, and therefore I know but a small number. I will however mention three—the Count de Rosambert—

He is a coxcomb and is not to be believed.

Faublas—

O him! I do not contest that—

M. de —.

M. de — ! exclaims the marchioness, who now blushes, and looks pale by turns.

Yes, M. de —, the new minister, to whom she delivered herself up, in order to obtain the Chevalier's liberty. This seems to give you pain; I perceive that you are smitten indeed!

This is a new accusation!

That is merely because the intrigue is not of a very ancient date.

But where are the proofs?

These I cannot produce; I presume they did not call witnesses.

But, Madam, how come you to assert this?

All the world asserts it!

All the world! Chevalier, do you know it?

It has been told me, Viscount, but I do not believe it.

You ought to have instructed me of it,

says Madame de B—, with a discontented air.

Yes! yes! adds the countess, it would have rendered great service to a worthy gentleman, to have instructed him concerning the conduct of a coquette, who deceives him. I lament most sincerely, sir, that you are fallen into the net spread for you by this cunning woman;—you appear to deserve a better fate. I am sorry there is not a vacant place in my carriage, else I should have been proud of carrying you to Paris; I avow to you, that I shall be charmed to cultivate your friendship; I rely on your honour and discretion relative to what you have seen and heard during the course of this morning. Come and see me in the capital, and I promise you never more to say any ill of this marchioness, although she is a very bad woman.

We now set off. I present a few louis d'ors to the postillion who conducted us to Croix Staint, and who, in return, promised to be discreet. The countess, on her part, was obliged to purchase the taciturnity of her valet de chambre La Fleur, whom she had been under the necessity of taking with her on this journey.

My mistress, when we were left by our



selves, overwhelmed me with caresses and reproaches. It was in vain I repeated that her lover was neither dead, nor wounded, nor forced to leave his country ; she was not content with this, but she wished to know the purport and the particulars of my journey ; and when I told her that I had pledged my honour to observe the most rigorous secrecy, she flew into a passion, and asserted that it was wrong for me to enter into such an engagement

It was not possible for me, on our return to Paris, to repair to the hotel of M. de Lignolle, in the dress I was then in, in order to act the character of Mademoiselle de Brumont ; it was therefore resolved, that we should drive to Madame de Fonrose's.

Ha ! exclaims the baroness, here are the fugitives returned !

We are dying with hunger ! cries the countess ; let us have something for supper.

While we sat down to a fowl that was now laid upon the table, Madame de Fonrose spoke as follows to Madame de Lignolle.

I repaired to your house to-day at dinner time, and I was exceedingly uneasy at hear-

hearing, that rendered desperate by the flight of Mademoiselle de Brumont, you had sallied forth in search of her.

A few moments after, continues she, (addressing herself to me), M. de Belcour, accompanied by Mademoiselle de Faublas, paid me a short visit. Both of them are gone for Fromonville, terrified with the idea that you had another duel upon your hands. They imagined, that no interest less dear than that of honour, could prevent you from accompanying them, in order to throw yourself at the feet of your wife. Both of them tremble for your safety; both of them are at this moment a prey to the most lively inquietude, and will be in the most horrid distress if you do not rejoin them early to-morrow morning.

On this, the countess could eat no more. She interrupts the baroness, declares that she would not suffer me to leave her; and appears astonished, that Madame de Foursie, who pretended to be her friend, should speak in this manner, in her presence.

The baroness was not the least embarrassed for a justification.

If you adore the son, says she, I love the father; M. de Belcour would never pardon me, if I acted otherwise, in the present

situation of affairs. Besides, my dear child, what is it that you would require from the Chevalier? That he should uselessly violate every appearance of propriety! I am far from advising him to do any thing unkind; I do not desire him to abandon you, but to go and find Sophia, to bring her home,—and then to act like other men of fashion! like the best of husbands in this great metropolis, who know very well how to reconcile the love which they have for their mistresses, with the good manners they ought to preserve in respect to their wives. Can you ask the Chevalier to remain with you when his wife is no longer absent? The world, at such a case, would soon know, that Faublas was acting the part of a woman at your house, merely because he was afraid to act the part of a man at home! I shall not say a single word about M. de Lignolle; let us hope, that the little god who is the protector of lovers, will do for this husband what he commonly does for others; let us even hope, that he will be the last man in Paris to learn his own dishonour; but will his family be patient spectators of that ridicule with which he will be daily covered?

His family! what does his family concern me? cries the countess, who had

hitherto only opposed sighs and tears to the prudent advice of the Baroness.

What does his family concern you! replies Madame de Fonrose, resuming her discourse; even if you despise them, do you think to retain the Chevalier, in spite of the sighs of his widowed wife; of the world, which will not fail to call it a scandalous piece of conduct; and of your aunt, who will tease you every moment with her gothic and antediluvian principles? Think, too, of the famous Captain Lignolle, who will instantly leave his ship, and his freebooters, in order to post to town, and frighten you with his large mustachios, and his long sword; of the public also, ever jealous, inconsistent, indiscreet; which continually reveals those follies that ought to be concealed, resuscitates the scandals that ought to be buried in oblivion, and hides the good actions that ought to be published.

Yes! yes! exclaims the furious Countess, I will preserve him to myself, in spite of all the universe.

What a fine answer! Do you not know M. de Belcour? he is a man who, if you put him to the trial, will come and take his son out of your bed chamber, nay, out of your very arms.

The baroness still continued to speak, and

she might perhaps have spoken to this moment, without making the least impression on the countess; when, all of a sudden, we heard the noise of a carriage in the court-yard; it could be nobody, at this late hour, but M. de Lignolle.

I had just time to embrace my friend, to seize the leg of a fowl, and to save myself in Madame de Fonrose's dressing room.

In a moment afterwards, I hear the count enter.

Astonished that his wife staid out so late, he imagined, that she supped with the baroness, and that she was probably taken ill.

I did not listen to the conversation—Sophia! thy lovely image had entered my mind, and dearer and better interests already occupied all my thoughts! The powerful seduction of a present object had ceased to act upon my senses, and this decisive moment was to fix in thy favour a victory so long uncertain. Thy rival is no longer near me; no longer makes me forget thy torments, by means of her own sufferings; and thy love, by means of her tenderness. Her voice only now reaches my ear, but pierces not my heart, which is full of the remembrance of thee! Sophia, I have seen thee fainting, dying! I shud-

der, at one moment, at the evils which thou sufferest; and, at another, the idea of the happiness which awaits us makes me quiver with joy!

To this very apartment, in which I now was, I had once before retreated, in order to avoid the baron; at present, I resolved to leave it, in order to rejoin my father, and fly from my mistress. I accordingly grope my way to the private staircase, then into the court, and soon after to the street.

## CHAP. XVI.

*The Chevalier proceeds to Fromonville, in search of his wife—is disappointed in his hopes of seeing her—A letter, in which an incensed and much injured father proclaims his own wrongs, and those of his daughter—The effects of this epistle on the mind of Faublas.*

FULL of the most tender solicitude, M. de Belcour had done that which no other than a father would have thought of. As it was possible that I might return to the capital in the middle of the night, he ordered the Swiss to sit up, and my valet to keep a post chaise ready in the court yard.

On entering the hotel, I therefore had nothing more to do than to ascend this carriage; and Jasmin, who was well mounted, insisted on acting as a courier.

In consequence of this, at every post, I found fresh horses ready for me: the postillions, thanks to my liberality! did not complain of being awakened too early—They called me “my lord,” and we flew along with uncommon rapidity.

The morning now began to dawn, and I felt my mind infinitely more easy than

it had been the day before. What a happy change had a few hours wrought in my situation! I no longer dreaded to be exiled in a foreign country, far from my native land; I no longer was afraid of the remorse attendant upon the idea of having sacrificed an enemy, who pursued me with his just vengeance!

At Fromonville, say I, my father longs once more to press me to his bosom; it is there that my wife, consoled with my presence—yes, I shall fall at her feet, I shall embrace her, I shall demand, I shall obtain her pardon! I shall bring back my wife to Paris; I shall place her under my father's roof; I shall pass entire days—my whole life in her company. I shall hear the recital of the many woes that have attended her captivity; I also shall recount my own sufferings.

The carriage rolled on at a round pace for six long hours; at length, I discover the bridge of Moncour; and, soon after, I perceive two of the persons so very dear to my heart; in a few minutes, I receive their embraces, and I partake their joy.

One of them asks, if I had not been wounded? the other, whether I must again leave France?

No, my dear Adelaide!—Wounded!—no, my dear father! we shall not any more



quit our country—but let us us proceed—  
How much am I indebted to you!—you  
perhaps have left her, in order to meet me  
—Come, come—present me to my wife—  
be witness to my transports!—What! my  
father, you cast your eyes upon the ground!  
Sister, you weep!—O! I am undone!—  
Absence!—the idea of being abandoned!—  
she could not resist all these evils!—she is  
no more!

She lives! she still lives! exclaims the  
baron; but—

She yet loves you! cries my sister; but—  
I understand you; her tyrant, then, has  
once more bereaved me of her!

They answered me only by their silence.  
Desirous to prevent the effects of my vio-  
lence, they endeavour to prevent my de-  
spair from bereaving me of my life.

M. de Belcour seizes upon my sword  
and my pistols; Adelaide holds out her  
hand, in order to support her brother,  
whom she perceives to tremble, and grow  
pale. My dear friend, you are not suffi-  
ciently strong! Baublas falls over on the  
same turf, that he scarce touched with his  
feet the day before, when, in order to fol-  
low a mistress now abandoned, he fled with  
a rapid pace, that very wife at present so  
much regretted.

Adelaide! ah! I conjure you to take  
pity on your brother!—my father! leave

me! leave me to die!—She is cruelly snatched away from her husband, and, alas! she thinks that husband culpable!—Sophia knows not what I abandon for her? Sophia knows not, that I would sacrifice the moiety of myself, provided I were allowed to consecrate the other moiety to her service!—She believes me to be culpable; she thinks that I have abandoned her! leave me! leave me to die!

Adelaide now clasps me in her arms, and is prodigal of the most tender caresses: the tears which I behold her shed, softens the bitterness of my own; and our father helps to calm our grief, by sharing it.

Too dear, and too unfortunate son, says he, shall the most ardent passions never cease to torment thy unhappy youth? and adversity, which, for some time past, has given thee the most cruel lessons—shall not adversity, at length, teach thee prudence? O my son! I pity you! but you ought also to take compassion upon me.

Do you not know, sir, what has become of her?—what road they took?—You do not make me any answer—Some persecuting deity presides over our loves—he seems resolved to shew me every now and then my Sophia, merely with an intention to make me feel the horrors of her absence more strongly. I fled to Luxembourg, accompa-

nied by my wife ; and in a few hours she found a father, who, the day after snatched her away from her husband ! Amidst a thousand dangers, I at length penetrated to the convent in which she was confined ; it was permitted me to see, to admire her but a moment ! At length, chance conducts me to her new prison ; a piercing shriek informs me, that my wife is there, and that she recognizes me ; I behold her fainting, dying perhaps !——and yet, honour, imperious honour ! carried me away ; and, when I returned, she was lost for ever ! The ravisher of Sophia !——Is it possible for a father to be so unnatural ? The barbarian ! with what can he reproach his adorable and unfortunate daughter ? With what can he accuse me ? Have not I repaired all my wrongs by marriage ? What crimes have I committed which my misfortunes have not expiated ? Why does he wish, that we should pine in eternal separation from each other ? Why would he precipitate his two children in the same grave ?

For this once, says my father, Duportail has not left us, without instructing me of his motive, and his resolutions. A letter which he has left for me——

A letter !——let me see it !——let me see it .

Let us first regain the nearest village.

We accordingly set forward, and, in a few minutes, enter an inn at Moncour. The baron is desirous of reading the letter himself, but, obliged to yield to my instances, he at length confides it to my care.

“ Since your son has once more discovered my retreat; since he is obstinately bent on pursuing his victims every where; it is necessary, sir, that I should at length instruct you of the misfortunes of my daughter; it is necessary that I should tell what must strike you with horror.

“ You yourself well know, into what an almost inevitable snare Sophia was drawn; you can never forget, into what place, and in what manner, the unfortunate Lovzinski recovered his beloved Dorliska; his Dorliska, perhaps, less deserving of blame than of pity! Baron, the circumstance of carrying off this unfortunate, as well as respectable child, was not the greatest of the crimes committed by your unworthy son—

The greatest of the crimes committed by your unworthy son! What expressions! you, my father, you yourself shudder at such an insult!—I protest, that it shall be washed away by the blood of the calum-

niator—but what do I say? he is your friend, he is the father of Sophia!—Be comforted—excuse the first transports of my anger and surprise.

Permit me to finish the letter, says the baron.

Allow me to proceed:

“The day that I was to present him with Sophia, at the very instant when every thing was preparing for the ceremony, I heard a stranger, in one of the principal streets of Luxembourg, inquiring for the Chevalier de Faublas; and notwithstanding this person’s disguise, I instantly recollect the lady, who first taught your son the detestable art of corrupting wives, and deceiving husbands.

“She was making haste, as doubtless, had been agreed upon between them, to rejoin, in the place of his exile, the murderer of her spouse!”

Good heavens!—I assure you, my dear father, that this is false! I was entirely ignorant that the marchioness was about to follow me to Luxembourg—I was ignorant, that—

I wish to believe so, my friend. I cannot think you guilty of all the crimes which Duportail has been ready to accuse you of. But he is a father, and an unfortunate one; it is our duty, therefore, to excuse, to pity,

to find him out, and to incline him to our purposes.

“ At this fatal apparition, I instantly anticipated all the misfortunes which menaced my Dorliska : I perceived but one only mode left me, in order to snatch her from the danger, the opprobrium, the public insult, that was in store for her. Occupied with these sentiments, and as yet undetermined, I arrive at the cathedral.

“ An audacious rival, who did not respect any thing, whom nothing could abash or astonish, appeared, almost at the same moment with ourselves, at the altar of Hymen.

“ What a sacrilege ! it was in the face of the deity who receives the legitimate oaths of a husband and wife, that she came to summon him to violate all that ought to be dear to mankind !

“ But what could your cruel son, the worthy pupil of a woman without shame, the cowardly suborner of a maiden without defence ; what could he hope from all this ?

“ What did he hope, when he snatched the one from the respectable retreat which her virtues embellished - when he obtained from the other the splendid sacrifice of a corrupted court, of which she was the idol ? To present a spectacle to all the world ?

to be intoxicated with the glory of dragging behind the same triumphal car, a seduced virgin, and an adulterous wife? to associate his two mistresses in similar pleasures, and equal ignominy? to carry from country to country, from capital to capital, Mademoiselle de Pontis, who was to partake of an outlawed husband, and share the public scorn in common with the Marchioness de B—?"

Mademoiselle de Pontis sharing the public scorn along with the Marchioness de B—!—Ah! my father, what imposture!—Ah! my sister, what blasphemy!

"Such were the designs which I have foreseen, which I have prevented.

"Thanks to my vigilance, Dorliska was saved; and the events that have since occurred, have fully justified all my suspicions.

"It has never been as yet precisely discovered what had become of the marchioness, during the six weeks that your son passed in the neighbourhood of Luxembourg: without doubt, they lived together . . . . ."

Is that true? says Adelaide to me.

It is true, my sister, that Madame de B\*\*\* came to see me, from time to time; but I did not until afterwards discover that it was her who paid me those visits.

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Not discover it, brother ! that seems to me to be impossible.

I shall explain it to you another time . . .

I am not content with this answer, replies Adelaide ; I find it obscure. What vexes me still more, is, that M. Duportail has but too good a foundation for his reproaches. It proves to me, that you have really done great injustice to my good friend. I make you impatient, brother . . . very well . . . conclude the letter.

“ Every one observed with astonishment, that this woman appeared at court a few days after the return of her lover to the capital ; and if all her intrigues could not prevent the Chevalier from being committed to prison, nobody is at least ignorant that it was by means of her prostitution that he at length acquired his liberty.

“ And what use has he made of that liberty ? Sophia not having returned, it was resolved that another female should supply her place. The Chevalier de Faublas is not a man to content himself with one conquest ; two victims at a time, two victims at least, are necessary for his happiness.

“ But what I cannot comprehend, is, that after having recently discovered my retreat, he should have judged it pro-



per to have gone there, on purpose to exhibit to Sophia the new rival that he prefers to her."

Whom I prefer to her! while it is for Sophia that at this very moment I abandon the countess! the countess who now mourns my absence!—the countess!—Ah! if you know how dear I am to her! how much sensibility she possesses! how lovely she is!

The baron now interrupts me:

Sir, do you know to whom you are now speaking?

I am in the wrong—pardon, pardon, my unhappy state of mind.

"This inconceivable conduct, the motives of which I am unacquainted with, conceals apparently some other mysterious piece of iniquity, which time will discover.

"Who is that young woman, along with whom I perceived your son in disguise? A simple maiden, whose innocence will not save her; or a wife without experience, whose virtue he wishes to corrupt?

"Who is that man, of a certain age, who accompanied them? An unfortunate husband, whom he will cover with ridicule and opprobrium; or a confiding friend, whose honour he will betray?

"Baron, you also are a father; but you seem unwilling to bestow a thought upon your situation. I shall not make use

of ridiculous ceremonies with you; I shall speak to you without circumlocution; your indulgence is inexcusable. Dread, my friend, lest you should soon be reduced to bewail it in tears of blood. Dread, least Heaven, at length wroth, should punish, at one and the same time, the disorders of the son, and the excessive weakness of the father. Dread, lest one day an avenger should be raised up to my daughter, and a seducer to your own."

An avenger to thy daughter!—Duportail, I am ready for that avenger whom you announce!—If he is too late in coming, Faublas will go in search of him!

Be calm! exclaims the Baron; but this moment you promised me to be patient.

What! not content with menacing me indirectly, does he dare to insult my sister!—A seducer to my dear Adelaide!

Behold, son, in what manner the passions can render us at once cruel and inconsistent. The idea only, of the seduction of Adelaide, puts her brother in a fury. Faublas, on account of a supposition which he thinks injurious, speaks of arming himself against a father-in-law; and, notwithstanding this, Lovzinski did not dream, at Luxembourg, of revenging upon a foreign ravisher the errors of Dorliska!

"Let my example, at least, serve as a

useful lesson to you. I myself have contributed to the follies of the Chevalier; but although I was nothing more than his involuntary accomplice, I was not long in being punished. All the evils that now overwhelm me have arisen from his fatal mistress, of whose amours I was a tranquil spectator.

“Soon after, engaged in an unjust quarrel, I had the misfortune to infringe the sagest law of a hospitable kingdom, which had given me friends, and almost restored to me my country: my hands, sullied with the blood of an innocent man, helped to make a bad cause triumph.\* I myself, soon after, escorted my own daughter, whom he carried off, and aided her ravisher to dishonour her.

“Ah! how much less is the adored spouse, whom I lost twelve years since, and whose deplorable fate I still deplore, to be pitied than myself! Her ashes remain in peace in the forests of Sala. A premature death snatched her from the most cruel of all misfortunes, that of beholding the dishonour of her daughter, and the grief of her husband!

“Thanks are still due to thee, however, thou Eternal Providence! whose wise

\* Recollect the duel in which I wounded the Marquis, and Duportail killed his adversary.

decrees are ever to be praised!—Thanks are still due to thee, thou pitying Divinity! even amidst thy rigours. It was thy pleasure, that Lovziniki should survive his Ladoiska, in order, one day, to pour consolation into the bosom of his abused daughter; to prevent, at least, her complete dishonour, her approaching shame; and to save Dorliska from the humiliations which her pitiless seducer was preparing for her!

Yes, my daughter may still become the consolation, the joy, the pride of her father.—Yes, her excuse is to be found in those virtues which remain with her; in that regret which she entertains for the virtues she no longer possesses; in thee—shall I confess it? in the multitude of inestimable advantages, of which nature has been prodigal towards her seducer; towards that astonishing young man, whom we should have all admired, if he had made half the efforts to do good which he has done to do evil; if he would but have applied to the exercise of virtue those rare qualities which he abuses in favour of crimes.

“Baron, I have thus given you an account of the motives of my present conduct; it now remains for me only to inform you of my irrevocable resolutions:

“From the impenetrable retreat in which

I have taken refuge, I shall still keep my eyes fixed upon my persecutor!—My Dorliska is infinitely dear to me; I adore, in her the living image of a wife whom I shall for ever regret.—Judge, then, if I do not ardently wish for her happiness.—Ah! with what transport would I immolate, to gratify her wishes, the resentment arising from my own injuries! But he who has seduced the maiden shall not receive the wife, without having merited her; for although he may have deceived the youth of Sophia, she shall not abuse my experience.

“It is in vain therefore, that the Chevalier would endeavour to impose upon me. I have known him too long; I know his cunning mistress too well, ever to trust to simple appearances. It is in vain that at present he would endeavour to affect amendment: in his conduct I should see nothing but hypocrisy, so long as the marchioness lives in the world.

“Baron, I pledge you my honour, that were Faublas entirely recovered from his follies, he should never see Sophia, until heaven had in its justice ordained either the imprisonment or the death of Madame de B—.

“But I stop at suppositions, which flatter without blinding me. I speak of a reformation, which I no longer hope. Without

doubt, a God, too equitable to encourage great disorders by impunity, will overwhelm the marchioness with some terrible and unexpected catastrophe.

“But will the example of her chastisement appal your son? At first corrupted, he, in his turn, has become a corrupter. He becomes more perverted daily, in the society of his worthless companions, libertines by principle. He coolly meditates, in company with them, these horrid actions which they term a *pastime*.

“If neither husbands nor fathers should avenge their own affronts, infirmities, guilt, chagrin, will soon attack his exhausted youth. Young, he will in a very short time become old; and, if he does not make an attempt upon his own life, he will fall under the sword of some exasperated enemy; he will perish before his time.

“As for me, I shall instantly endeavour to cure my daughter of her fatal passion. The same God, who pursues the wicked, will watch over the just

“Sophia, after her persecutor shall descend, torn with remorse, into the eternal night of the tomb, Sophia shall resuscitate into new life. My paternal cares shall contribute to bind up, and to cure, the wounds of her heart. After the most frightful tempest, I shall see happy days

once more arise for her; Dorliska shall transfer to me her affections—her affections, less animated, but more fortunate.

“The moment is fast approaching, when her own reason will confirm, what her good sense, at this present moment, whispers. A daughter, like her, has nothing to regret, when a father, such as me, remains to protect her.

“I am, with an esteem which the wrongs of your son have never altered,

“Your friend,

“The Count Lovzinski.”

My astonishment, my uneasiness, my very despair, had hitherto supported me, during the reading of this long and cruel letter.

After having concluded it, I collected all my strength, in order to ask M. de Belcour, how far his people had followed my wife? and as soon as he had told me that they had lost sight of her at the *Crosiere*, I found myself exceedingly ill.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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